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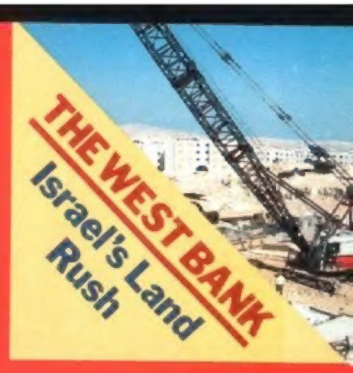

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Journalism's unpredictable demands can occasionally fray the nerves of the staunchest individuals, but TIME's staffers have learned to take the unexpected in stride. Boston Bureau Chief Barry Hillenbrand was lunching in "your above-average greasy spoon" in Boston's Back Bay when he learned by phone that he had been assigned to report a cover story on James Levine, the internationally acclaimed music director of New York City's Metropolitan Opera. Levine was 4,000 miles away in Austria conducting at the Salzburg festival. Could Hillenbrand, who had reported major TIME stories on such subjects as Gelsey Kirkland and Bobby Fischer, leave immediately? He departed the next day, only to confront another element of the unexpected when he landed. "Arriving in Salzburg at the height of the festival without a hotel reservation," says Hillenbrand, "is like arriving at the Super Bowl without a ticket."

Meeting Levine also provided a surprise, but of a more welcome kind. Says Hillenbrand: "He was a good interview. He talked freely, which is not always the case with artists and musicians, who frequently are incapable of explaining how they work." Midwesterners Hillenbrand, who grew up in Chicago, and Levine, who is from Cincinnati, also found that they were on the same wave length. Says Hillenbrand: "He'd say things like 'You know what I mean,' and I would understand."

TED THAI

James Levine and Barry Hillenbrand at the Met

For three weeks, much of Hillenbrand's interviewing occurred during lunches in Salzburg and dinners in Bayreuth, where Levine conducted *Parsifal*. "We shared caviar on the Concorde back to New York and dined in Greenwich Village and Soho," recalls Hillenbrand. "I did so much interviewing over food that my tape recorder was covered with grease stains." He found Levine "a man of few pretensions, who is still very much a Midwesterner: open, direct, optimistic."

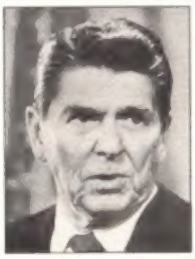
To write the story, TIME Music Critic Michael Walsh, who has given Levine mixed reviews in the past, also traveled to Austria, heard him at the Met and listened for nearly 40 hours to his records. Says Walsh: "Sometimes I disagreed with his approach to certain pieces. This time I rethought his aesthetic. I set aside my feelings about the way he conducted and listened to what he was trying to do. I found that a valuable experience."

John a. Meyer

Index

Cover: Design by Henrietta Condak, photo of James Levine by Ted Thai, other photos by James Heffernan

52
Cover: James Levine, maestro of New York's Metropolitan Opera, is the most powerful opera conductor in America; his influence extends to major European festivals as well. At 39, he is still on the rise. *See* MUSIC.



8
Nation: With Congress back, Reagan shows some give on defense spending. ▸ A new panel examines nuclear arms options. ▸ The Doles are rolling. ▸ California's Brown and Deukmejian: a study in contrasts.

20
Middle East: In direct defiance of the U.S., Israel is rapidly speeding up the construction of settlements in the West Bank. Begin's aim: to make sure that the territory never has to be turned over to Palestinians.

27
World
Andropov dusts off an old idea. ▸ Tribal violence in Zimbabwe. ▸ The battle for the Golden Triangle's opium trade.

34
Economy & Business
How bankers compete for those new accounts. ▸ Do any economic theories work? ▸ Investments '82: winners and losers.

44
Press
In Detroit, the *News* and *Free Press* are waging what may be the nation's liveliest, and costliest, newspaper war.

46
Space
Tumbling out of control, a nuclear-powered Soviet satellite could release deadly radioactive material if it crashes.

47
Sexes
Authorities assail the special pleading of an adult-child sex lobby as an effort to justify the seduction of innocents.

50
Sport
The most complex athletes are about 7 ft. tall. The most breakable of them, Bill Walton, is back playing basketball.

62
Design
Denounced as a marble barn, the new Senate Office Building is functional, appropriate and maybe worth $137 million after all.

66
Living
New York *Times* Restaurant Critic Mimi Sheraton is respected and feared; her new guide is a top seller.

68
Books
The Transfer views the Miami drug world as an outpost of hell; *The Loser* regards Eastern Europe as an insane asylum.

71
Theater
The stresses of feminism, family and academic fecklessness are vividly explored in three noteworthy British imports.

73
Essay
Pssst! Secret, secret, where's the secret? Sissela Bok's new book says the answer is here, there—and everywhere.

6 Letters
42 Religion
49 Medicine
51 People
63 Cinema
67 Show Business
74 Milestones

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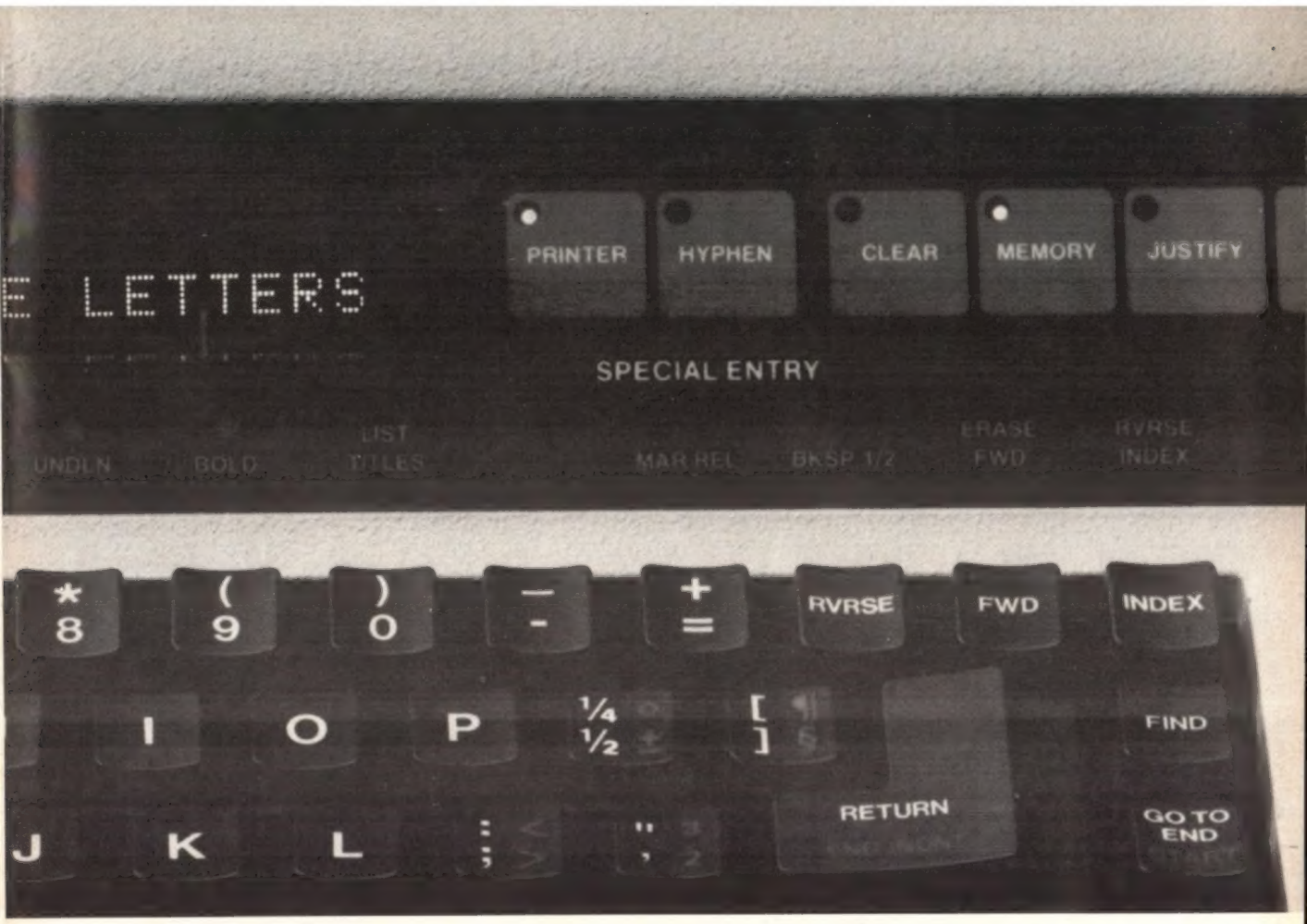

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Letters

Missionary Zeal

To the Editors:

Your story on the new missionary [Dec. 27] alters the stereotype of the pith-helmeted, culturally insensitive missionary and captures the complexity and diversity of the Christian missions today. The missionary may have changed; God's message has not.

Alan B. MacDonald
Huntington Beach, Calif.

As the daughter of missionaries, I found your story neither rosy nor harsh. The threat of cultural destruction has always been a concern of informed and tolerant missionaries. Problems arise when the occasional incompetent is prone to ignorance, stubbornness and shortsightedness.

Vivian Beall
Houston

Thank you for emphasizing a powerful force for good. There is hope yet.

(Mrs.) Myrna M. Oliver
Alexandria, Va.

I find it disheartening that a religion such as Christianity believes it has a divine right to convert all peoples to its ways. A society's religion helps it adapt to the stresses of its environment. Once a culture is changed by outsiders, it begins to deteriorate.

Paul S. Sledzik
Narragansett, R.I.

Sister Emmanuelle's statement that "we don't talk about conversion any more, we talk about being friends" falls short of biblical Christianity. The Bible is clear: conversion is needed for salvation.

John E. Kyle
Director, Inter-Varsity Missions
Madison, Wis.

The story on missionaries is a perfect gift for overstuffed Americans who need to relearn the lessons of giving.

Mary Ellen Dyler
Conover, N.C.

Gentle Executions

Re your Essay "Do Not Go Gentle into That Good Night" [Dec. 20], when will our society re-evaluate its use of capital punishment? We, who like to think of ourselves as responsible and humane, should outlaw this practice.

Anita M. Iribe
Highland, Md.

Those of us opposed to capital punishment must continue to rage against the loss of reason and social ethics among a people who see vengeance as a worthwhile goal.

Patricia A. Landreman
Jackson, Miss.

You ask if the nation "feels proud, patriotic, relieved or requited" by Charlie Brooks' execution. I feel none of the above. I believe that *justice* has been served.

Mike Sherrill
Kula, Maui, Hawaii

A fair execution will never make me feel guilty. People may wince at my use of the word fair to describe an execution, but anyone who wantonly takes the life of another has forfeited his own. Because society makes an effort to be civilized and even gentle in its vengeance, we should be commended. Our judicial system is as just as possible. When an individual is convicted for murder and executed according to the country's laws, I am satisfied that the decision is right.

Edina Kopits
Baltimore

Nixonian Advice

I applauded Richard Nixon's resignation in 1974. However, after reading "Hardheaded Détente" [Dec. 27], I would vote for him in 1984. He has no peer in his grasp of essential foreign policy issues.

Frank R. Nataro, M.D.
Westbury, N.Y.

Your interview with former President Nixon was full of common sense. We ought to give him another chance.

Milton Maidenberg
Marion, Ind.

Future Scientists

Your article "Low-Tech Teaching Blues" [Dec. 27] describes a problem that will plague our nation in the years ahead. We must realize that there is a vital connection between our national security, our world leadership in high technology, our life-style and the quality of education that we give our future leaders. While other nations increase their commitment to teaching, the U.S. debates about what programs to cut.

John Pawson
Huntington Beach, Calif.

We can hardly expect our children to learn how to operate, maintain and develop weapons systems for our security when we are drastically reducing the funds to teach them. Shifting money from defense to education should be seen as enhancing our national strength, not weakening it.

J. Russell Teagarden
Glenview, Ill.

Five Cents per Gallon

The gas tax [Dec. 27] appears to be a step in the right direction toward easing unemployment. It is too bad that so many are jobless, but Government should not create jobs simply to solve the problem. We must realize that the only way people can be re-employed without causing runaway inflation is for them to have a productive position in industry. Government should encourage an economic environment that fosters industrial growth.

Michael G. Youngblood
Baton Rouge, La.

Crusade Against Crèches

Must the public exhibit of the Christmas crèche be interpreted as an attempt by the Government to establish religion [Dec. 20]? If civil libertarians succeed in stripping all public displays of their religious connotation, they will have trivialized a once richly symbolic feast day.

Mary E. Billmire, M.D.
Cincinnati

Christmas is the celebration of the birth of Jesus Christ. The Nativity scenes that grace courthouse lawns have nothing to do with the religion Christ founded. They are portrayals of his birth based on a historic document, the Bible.

The Rev. Maximilian Korecki
Lansing, Mich.

A Christmas symbol so devoid of content that it could not possibly offend anyone is probably what is needed. But nobody would be interested in it.

Bill Simpson
Arvada, Colo.

Orphaning the MX

Your story "Dense Pack Gets Blasted" [Dec. 20] states that after more than eight years of study, the expenditure of $4.5 billion on the missile and consideration of some 30 options, the Pentagon lacks a politically acceptable and scientifically credible basing mode. Has it occurred to anyone that this may be the first clue that there *is* no credible plan for MX?

Mark Herzog
San Francisco

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DAVID HUME KENNERLY

Reagan discussing the budget at his news conference: some signs of give, but will the cuts be credible outside the White House?

Nation

TIME/JANUARY 17, 1983

"A Little Terrifying"

That was the word for deficits as Reagan and Congress prepare to do battle

On the surface, the mood ranged from cozy to playful as members of the 98th Congress convened to be sworn in last week. In the Senate, New Right Curmudgeon Jesse Helms of North Carolina, whose filibusters made him a renegade late last year, embraced two of his colleagues at once, while newly elected Virginia Republican Paul Trible, 36, sat down for a deferential chat with sixth-term Mississippi Democrat John Stennis, 81. In the House, children crawled around the floor and squalled lustily as their parents took the oath of office. Bluegrass music twanged through the Rayburn Office Building, where Freshman Democrat Bob Wise of West Virginia staged an impromptu folk dance.

Underneath the jollity, however, most legislators were deeply troubled, and with good reason. Rarely has a new Congress, and the President from whom it seeks guidance, faced such a menacing array of dangers: gargantuan deficits, ominous unemployment, a threat of Social Security bankruptcy, growing pressures for trade protectionism, uncontrolled illegal immigration. The consequence is a logjam of issues that must be confronted. Neither the White House nor Congress could allow itself the luxury of bickering and indecision much longer.

There were hints of a breakthrough on only one of the problems. Fortunately it was the most important: runaway deficits. For the first time, President Reagan softened his formerly obdurate opposition to any reduction in the giant military buildup he has planned.

The signs of progress came at the end of a week that opened in discouraging fashion. As they arrived in Washington, Senators and Representatives read shocking new figures from the Office of Management and Budget: a deficit now estimated at $185 billion for fiscal 1983, which ends Sept. 30; $200 billion or more for fiscal 1984 if nothing is done; an incredible $288 billion by fiscal 1988. As Government borrows to make up the shortfall, it will corner 73% of all private savings this year and 79% in 1984, leaving far too little lendable money to finance business investment and consumer buying. The all-too-predictable result: abrupt choking off of any worthwhile recovery from the recession that drove the jobless rate in December to 10.8%, a minor increase from a revised figure of 10.7% in November, but still a 41-year high.

Scarcely had the opening-day ceremonies ended when six leaders of the Republican-controlled Senate visited the White House for breakfast with Ronald Reagan. Finance Committee Chairman Robert Dole of Kansas summarized their message: "We told the President that we could not live with those big deficits." Paul Laxalt of Nevada, Reagan's closest friend on Capitol Hill, described the red-ink figure to reporters as "a little terrifying."

The Senators told Reagan bluntly that if he persisted in reported plans to submit a budget containing only cuts in domestic social programs, such as food

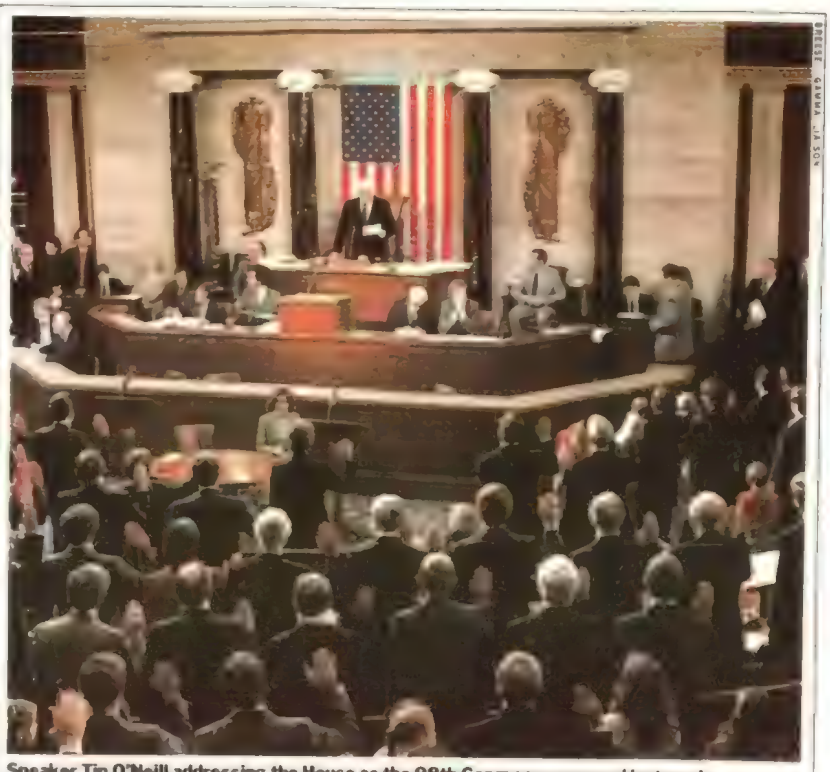
stamps and school-lunch subsidies, many of which have already been trimmed close to the bone, Congress would turn it down flat. That would trigger months of chaotic wrangling during which the deficits would inexorably mount. The lawmakers pleaded for a much broader spending reduction, including cuts in entitlement programs, such as Social Security and Medicare, and above all military outlays. At first they thought they had got nowhere. Laxalt lamented that the President seemed "very close to set in concrete."

In fact, Reagan did hear the Senators' message. It reinforced loud signals he has been getting for months from the most varied sources: his own White House staff and Cabinet, the voters who in November increased the Democratic majority in the House by 26 seats, even his natural allies in the business and financial community. Investment Banker Peter Peterson, for example, prepared an ad proclaiming that the looming deficits threaten "to keep the nation's economy stagnating for the rest of the century." The list of 380 people he hopes will sign the ad constitutes a cross section of the nation's business, financial, legal and academic Establishment. The common theme from all these sources is that Reagan, by insisting on tax cuts and a huge military buildup offset only by inadequate reductions in social spending, is isolating himself on a course dangerous to the economy and to his own prospects for exerting presidential leadership.

Reagan showed the first signs of give at his midweek news conference. He expressed more worry about deficits than he ever had before, and even observed of the military budget: "If it can be cut, it will be cut." By week's end he had instructed Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger to see what reductions might be made in military outlays in the fiscal-1984 budget, which goes to Congress on Jan. 31.

Aides reported that Reagan was also "attracted to the concept" of a freeze on a wide variety of Government programs. The most extreme form of this idea is known in Congress as "Fritz's freeze," after Democratic Senator Ernest ("Fritz") Hollings of South Carolina. Hollings advocates holding at present levels social spending, entitlement programs including even veterans' pensions, military outlays, federal pay—just about everything. Fifty-five Representatives of both parties last week signed a letter to Reagan drafted by Georgia Republican Newt Gingrich that advocates precisely that.

Administration insiders are guessing that the President will settle on a reduction of anywhere from $5 billion (the Pentagon's wish) to $8 billion (the hope of some White House aides) in planned military spending, which originally seemed likely to hit $247 billion in 1984. That would be combined with a freeze on enough nonmilitary activities to bring the total spending cutback to a range of $30 billion to $35 billion. Asserts one high-ranking adviser to Reagan: "I'd say the odds are now much better than fifty-fifty that he is going to send up a credible budget." But what seems credible to the White House may look very different on Capitol Hill. Cuts of $30 billion to $35 billion would be little more than the President once hoped to take out of social spending alone, and would leave a deficit of $165 billion or more for fiscal 1984. Indeed it is questionable whether any combination of spending cuts can whittle the deficit to manageable size unless taxes are raised also, and on that subject Reagan has shown no flexibility. He declared last week: "Increasing taxes is not the way out of a recession."



Speaker Tip O'Neill addressing the House as the 98th Congress convened last week

Nonetheless, Reagan seems to be groping toward an opening position in the budget battle that would be realistic enough to permit fruitful negotiations with congressional leaders. The prospects are less cheerful on the other major problems:

UNEMPLOYMENT. Reagan last week ticked off a series of hopeful signs: rising retail sales and housing construction, lower interest rates. Said he: "The economy is getting better, not getting worse." Maybe. But what he carefully did not say is that his economic advisers foresee a recovery so puny that in the fourth quarter of 1983 national output of goods and services will be a mere 1.4% higher than at the end of 1982. Such anemic growth might keep the jobless rate above 10% all through this year. Moreover, Council of Economic Advisers Chairman Martin Feldstein believes five years may be required to bring the rate down to 6% or 7%.

Congress resounds with talk about public-works job programs and various other pump-priming schemes to put the unemployed back to work more quickly. Said Tip O'Neill, on being elected last week to his fourth term as Speaker of the House: "It is time to stop waiting for an economic theory to work and instead do what we have done before—stimulate the economy." There is even some perverse sentiment that the giant deficits make such a course attractive: if red ink is likely to total $200 billion a year anyway, what does an extra billion here or there matter?

Most Congressmen and Senators, however, are rightly skeptical. A public-works bill modest enough to slip past Reagan's veto would be almost irrelevant compared with the size of the problem. One indication of its severity: when Chicago Mayor Jane Byrne created 3,800 temporary city public-service jobs last week, 20,000 people lined up to apply on the first day.

SOCIAL SECURITY. The system needs an additional $150 billion to $200 billion to keep pension checks going out on time through the 1980s. A combination of increases in the payroll tax and a limit on the growth of benefits is required, but both arouse furious public opposition. So the White House and Congress in December 1981 responded the way they so often do when faced with a painful decision: they appointed a bipartisan study commission. With the commission due to report this week, time is running out on that ploy.

Chairman Alan Greenspan can probably get twelve of the 15 commission members to recommend a realistic combi-

nation of proposals, but only if they have advance assurance that the President and O'Neill will go along. Reagan last week refused to provide that assurance, contending that if he told the commission what he would accept, "the same old political football would be seen going up in the air like a punt on third down." (Reagan's third-down kick may hark back to his playing days, when cautious teams did that if they were pinned deep in their own territory.) A more apt gridiron metaphor would be that each party is afraid of being lured into a blind-side block: the Republicans if they propose benefit limits that Democrats portray as hurting the old, the Democrats if they advocate tax boosts the G.O.P. condemns as burdens on the young. The commission probably will only list a set of options, which would amount to lateraling the football back to the butterfingered politicians. If something is not done, pension checks could be delayed as early as July.

PROTECTIONISM. Pressures are rising for legislation to limit imports. The House last year passed a bill that would have forced foreign automakers, mainly Japanese, to curtail their sales in the U.S. severely unless they met impossibly high standards for including more "domestic content" (that is, American parts and labor) in their cars. The bill died in the Senate, but is certain to be revived. There is much talk too of reciprocity bills that would limit imports of a wide range of Japanese goods unless Japan buys more American products.

Family togetherness at the swearing-in

Deep worries beneath the bluegrass twang.

Such measures would deepen, rather than relieve, the U.S. slump. That downturn is part of a worldwide recession that is already being aggravated by stagnation in world trade. But protectionist pressures are difficult for Congress to resist because the damage from foreign competition to workers in industries like steel and autos is far more direct and visible than the benefits consumers get from an unimpeded international exchange of goods and services.

IMMIGRATION. Some half a million immigrants, mainly Mexicans, enter the U.S. illegally every year, joining anywhere from 3 million to 6 million who are already here competing against U.S. citizens for jobs. The 97th Congress blew a chance to stem the tide by failing to pass the Simpson-Mazzoli bill, which combined amnesty for illegal aliens who have escaped detection so far with a system of fines on employers who knowingly hire illegal entrants in the future. The new Congress must start afresh. It will be hampered by the same troubles that blocked the bill last year. To the great majority of Americans the benefits of easing the immigration crisis would be indirect and hard to measure. Meanwhile the bill offends a wide variety of special interests: businessmen fearful of fines; farmers who want to hire cheap, though illegal, labor; union leaders opposed to temporary work permits for seasonal immigrants; Hispanics who fear that penalties against employing illegal aliens may cause businessmen to shy away from hiring any Hispanics.

Congress will not even begin to act on this interlocking set of woes until President Reagan formally sorts out his priorities and explains his program. Both the House and the Senate recessed last week for a respite that legislators will probably find all too brief. They will reassemble Jan. 25 to hear Reagan's State of the Union speech, followed six days later by his budget message. After that, the action will be real, with the stakes enormous and the prospects distressingly uncertain. *—By George J. Church. Reported by John F. Stacks and Evan Thomas/Washington*

One Fox Leaves the Coop

As an outspoken Democratic champion of Ronald Reagan's economic programs, Texas Congressman Phil Gramm could hardly be described as a perfect party man. So it came as no surprise last week when the Democrats' Steering and Policy Committee voted 26 to 4 to oust Gramm from his seat on the influential House Budget Committee. Gramm promptly resigned from Congress and announced he would run for re-election as a Republican. "My crime," he declared before a jammed press conference in his Sixth Congressional District office in Bryan, Texas, "was that I dared to practice in Washington what I preached at home."

Gramm did not have to resign to change his party affiliation. But by forcing a special election on Feb. 12, Gramm was able to create a considerably bigger political splash than would have been the case had he merely crossed the aisle. Indeed, within hours of his announcement, he was being touted as a possible Republican Senate candidate, though he disavowed plans to run against Republican Incumbent John Tower in 1984. Reagan, who sent Gramm a written invitation last month to join the G.O.P., is reportedly ready to go to Texas to campaign for him. Republican House leaders are holding open for Gramm a minority seat on the Budget Committee.

Gramm: a Texas turnabout

Democrats on Capitol Hill are not sorry to see Gramm go. Said Tony Coelho of California, chairman of the House Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee: "This gives him the martyr's role—and he loves it." To Democrats, Gramm was a traitor. While lobbying for a seat on the Budget Committee in 1981, Gramm assured party leaders that he would support a Democratic budget plan. Four months later, he not only co-sponsored the President's budget plan against the committee alternative but, charged the Democrats, also fed reports on confidential Democratic strategy sessions to David Stockman, Reagan's Director of the Office of Management and Budget. "In any army," commented one Democratic House leader, "he'd have been shot at sunrise."

With a war chest of $206,000 in leftover campaign funds, Gramm, a former economics professor, should have little trouble regaining his seat as a Republican. Among three declared opponents so far, Dan Kubiak, a lackluster former Democratic state representative, appears to be the strongest. Many of Gramm's constituents in the solidly Democratic but fiscally conservative Sixth District seem unfazed by his switch of allegiance. "People who like him still do," shrugged Neeley Lewis, Brazos County Democratic chairman, "and people who don't still don't."

A Woman's Touch for the Cabinet

With her at Transportation, the Doles are rolling along

"The President doesn't want any yes men and women around him," Elizabeth Dole once remarked. "When he says no, we all say no." Behind the wry humor, there was a hint of truth. As assistant to President Reagan for public liaison and the highest-ranking woman in the White House, Elizabeth ("Liddy") Dole has been a silent team player, wielding little influence and rarely speaking out on women's issues. Now, however, she has moved into the spotlight as President Reagan's nominee to be the new Secretary of Transportation, succeeding the departing Drew Lewis. Her nomination was greeted enthusiastically on Capitol Hill, especially by the senior Senator from Kansas. Deadpanned Bob Dole: "An excellent choice."

The appointment will enhance the Doles' status as one of the most visible and influential couples in the capital. During their seven-year marriage, they have moved swiftly along separate and sometimes conflicting tracks. "You have to compartmentalize," says Elizabeth Dole, 46, explaining how they keep apart their personal and political lives. "You really have to have that basis." Besides, she adds, "there may be something at the White House being discussed that's not ready to be discussed on Capitol Hill." It works both ways. When the "Gang of 17," a bipartisan group of lawmakers and senior White House aides, was working behind closed doors last year on budget proposals for the President, Senator Dole told his wife: "Elizabeth, I'm not going to be able to talk to you about what we're doing."

Sometimes, of course, the temptation to compare notes, or apply a little matrimonial persuasion, is irresistible. Concedes she with a laugh: "There certainly have been times in the past when Bob and I have not seen eye to eye on an issue. We may try to talk each other out of it. I'll say, 'Bob, come off it. When you consider these points, how can you maintain your position on that?' "

Although both are ambitious workaholics—she rises every morning at 5:30, he at 6—they have avoided competing with each other. Friends say they have a relationship reminiscent of high school sweethearts. The couple have no children, but Bob Dole, 59, has a 27-year-old daughter from his first marriage. Dole says he has had no problems adjusting to the high-powered career of his wife, whom he calls a "sensible" feminist. When he ran unsuccessfully for the G.O.P. presidential nomination in 1979, Elizabeth resigned her job on the Federal Trade Commission to campaign for him. He dubbed his North Carolina–born wife "my Southern strategy." Quipped he last week: "When she got ahead of me in the polls, I dropped out." Dole says his wife stands ready to help him make another run if Reagan decides not to seek re-election.

Elizabeth Dole did not have to lobby very hard for the $80,100-a-year Transportation post, a job that would make her the first woman to head a Cabinet agency in the Reagan Administration and the seventh in U.S. history. She has earned high marks in the White House for loyalty, competence and a toughness swathed in Southern charm. But her main advantage was being a woman in an Administration that is desperate to raise the visibility of women and close its notorious gender gap.

The Secretary-designate and the Senator confer in her White House office

Sometimes the temptation to use matrimonial persuasion is irresistible.

While Cabinet secretaries and Senators sometimes cross swords, Elizabeth Dole's elevation should ease the occasional awkwardness that resulted when she was defending White House positions and her husband was publicly opposing them. It should also reduce slightly any embarrassment caused by the Senator's overt presidential ambitions. By shifting to Transportation, she will be a few steps removed from the more delicate congressional and political operations at the White House.

Elizabeth Dole is given much of the credit for her husband's transformation from a partisan hatchet man to a legislative power. Although he still has the sardonic wit that made him the acid-tongued heavy when he was Gerald Ford's running mate in 1976, his humor has lost its nasty edge. He has mellowed personally and become more moderate politically. His stock soared during the last session when, almost singlehanded, he shepherded through Congress $98.3 billion worth of tax hikes designed to offset the staggering federal deficit.

Perhaps with his own political ambitions in mind, Dole has been vocal in criticizing Reagan on the deficit, Social Security and food-stamp cuts. Lately, however, he has softened his barbs, anxious not to antagonize the White House in the coming budget wars and, perhaps, eager to smooth things over before his wife ascends to the Cabinet. Writing in the New York *Times* last week, he lavishly praised Reagan's "remarkable leadership" and insisted that the President's coalition with congressional Republicans was not eroding, as the press had suggested.

If she is confirmed, Elizabeth Dole will take over a department where political astuteness, rather than transportation expertise, is the watchword. She will be responsible for portioning out billions of dollars to states and cities for highway, airport and mass-transit programs. She will have to implement many of the policies put into effect by Lewis, one of Reagan's most highly regarded Cabinet members. Her biggest challenge will be to complete the rehabilitation of the air-traffic-control system, which was left in shambles after the controllers' walkout in August 1981. She also has to carry out the new 5¢-per-gal. increase in the gasoline tax and complete the transfer of the Government-owned Consolidated Rail Corp. to private interests.

She brings impressive credentials to the job. She made Phi Beta Kappa at Duke University in her native state and graduated from Harvard Law School. In the Johnson and Nixon Administrations, she worked on consumer affairs and was named a Federal Trade Commissioner in 1973. Once a Democrat and later an independent, she registered as a Republican just before marrying the Senator. After her husband dropped out of the 1980 presidential race, Elizabeth Dole campaigned for Reagan and was made a member of his transition team. Although criticized by women's groups last spring for not speaking out more on women's issues from the White House, she did work quietly with her husband and the Senate Judiciary Committee to eliminate discriminatory references to women in federal laws. Now that she will be moving away from the White House proper, there are signs she may become more vocal. After her nomination was announced, she sat in her office, surrounded by flowers, champagne and reporters. "I would hope," she said, "that we have another woman in the Cabinet soon." —*By Maureen Dowd. Reported by Jay Branegan and Evan Thomas/Washington*

Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, left, Scowcroft and Haig at a panel session

Next: Densetrack? Racepack?

A panel re-examines MX basing and the whole U.S. missile triad

In an attempt to revive the beleaguered MX missile in the new Congress, President Reagan last week named a blue-ribbon commission to study the issue and present him with recommendations by Feb. 18. Known formally as the Commission on Strategic Forces, the eleven-member panel has a broad mandate to examine the triad of land, sea and air weapons that make up the nation's nuclear deterrence system. "Nothing is ruled out," said retired Air Force General Brent Scowcroft, chairman of the group. "The commission has no kind of restriction on what it can and cannot do."

The panel could conceivably recommend scrapping the MX or scaling back other land-based systems. But this is unlikely, since the commission is top- heavy with military-policy specialists,* a number of whom, including Scowcroft, have publicly supported the MX. While difficult to protect from enemy attack, intercontinental ballistic missiles are more accurate and can deliver larger warheads than can sea-based missiles; they are also less vulnerable to Soviet air defenses than bombers.

The trickiest subject will be a basing mode for the MX, on which several commission members hold strong views. One of the panelists, former Carter Administration Defense Secretary Harold Brown, was the chief sponsor of the "racetrack" plan, which proposed continually shuttling 200 ICBMs along 10,000 miles of rails in and out of 4,600 shelters in Utah and Nevada in a kind of nuclear shell game. Commission Vice Chairman Thomas Reed, special assistant to the President on national security, is generally regarded as father of the Dense Pack plan, advocated by the Reagan Administration and defeated in the most recent session of Congress. The scheme envisions 100 MX missiles in superhardened silos clustered so close together that attacking Soviet missiles would disable each other trying to hit them.

Can the panel reach a consensus on the MX, which has already had more than 30 basing schemes shot down, in just six weeks? Said Scowcroft: "I'm not sure." The best guess among Pentagon officials and defense analysts in Washington is that the commission will recommend a compromise basing plan, combining Dense Pack and racetrack. Brown has already proposed adding 900 dummy silos to the Dense Pack plan to frustrate Soviet detection of the missiles.

Reagan must soon make a second—and perhaps more difficult—arms decision. When the Intermediate-Range Nuclear Force negotiations resume in Geneva on Jan. 27, Moscow negotiators are expected to formalize an offer, already publicly announced by Soviet Leader Yuri Andropov, to reduce missiles trained on Western Europe in exchange for a U.S. agreement to cancel deployment of Pershing II and cruise missiles there. The offer has been rejected informally by the U.S. and its allies as unbalanced in favor of the Soviets. But at week's end Reagan announced that he was sending Vice President George Bush to confer with the Western Europeans and the Vatican on the arms talks. The stakes are high. Not only will Reagan's approach affect relations with the Soviets, but it is bound to influence the European peace movement and ultimately ties with the allies. ■

*The commission's members include former New Jersey Senator Nicholas Brady, former Texas Governor William Clements, a Deputy Secretary of Defense under Presidents Nixon and Ford, M.I.T. Dean of Science John Deutch; former Secretary of State Alexander Haig; former CIA Director Richard Helms, John Lyons, chairman of the defense subcommittee of the executive council of the AFL-CIO; Vice Admiral Levering Smith, former director of special projects for the Navy, and former Under Secretary of the Navy R James Woolsey

Halting a Sale

A last-minute reprieve

Eugene Coon has been a sheriff for twelve years, but for the first time in his career, he has refused to uphold the law. When 43 owner-occupied homes were to be auctioned last week in Allegheny County, Pa., because of delinquent mortgage and tax payments, Coon, who runs the monthly auction, stopped the sale. Said the four-term sheriff: "These are good people who have paid into their homes for years and years. I feel I'm on good legal ground in trying to help those who can't help themselves."

As far as Court of Common Pleas Judge Nicholas Papadakos was concerned, Coon was indeed on good legal ground. The judge temporarily halted all mortgage foreclosures in the county. Said Papadakos of the sheriff: "He jumped in, and I'm glad he did. It gave me an opportunity to review the problem as a legal issue. The situation was becoming so critical that I felt I had to do something."

About half the 43 homeowners on Coon's foreclosure list were unemployed. Many were Pittsburgh-area steelworkers who are unable to meet monthly payments on their $30,000 to $40,000 homes. Their arrears range from $5,000 to $8,000. The group represents just a small fraction of the area's estimated 50,000 jobless steelworkers, more of whom may soon be facing the same problem. Said Andrew Palm, director of District 15 of the United Steelworkers of America, about Coon and Papadakos: "It's tremendous what they did. We're elated."

Others were not so happy. Coon's office was besieged with complaints from angry lawyers and lien holders. "They said some very nasty things about me," the sheriff said, "but I expected it." However, some bankers and lawyers, perhaps aware of how popular Coon had suddenly become, were only mildly critical. Pittsburgh Attorney Bernard Markovitz, who handles foreclosures, said, "If Coon's intent is only to help them straighten out payment plans, I'm willing to let this slide." But he added, "Somebody has to pay. Nothing's for free these days. Other people have rights in this and they have to be protected."

Sheriff Coon

As county officials went to work to develop strategies for halting future foreclosures, Papadakos said he intended to mediate every such case that comes before him. One plan he is considering would temporarily allow delinquent homeowners to pay only the interest on their monthly payments. "We're not going to help deadbeats. I want that made perfectly clear," says Papadakos. "But we will help those who need five, six or seven months." ■

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New Governor, New Style

A law-and-order champion takes office in California

First the Republican version: for eight long years, Californians were subject to the "moonbeam" visions of their erratic Governor, Jerry Brown. Now they are about to enjoy the steady political professionalism of their new Governor, George Deukmejian, who in his inaugural address last week called for a return to a "common-sense society."

Now the Democratic version: Californians are losing an exhilarating, compassionate leader, a pioneer in appointing women, blacks, Hispanics and Asians to help govern the nation's most populous state. They are getting, instead, a hum-drum politician, one determined to protect the rich and turn back the clock on progress in civil rights and the environment.

Brown checks watch and Hayakawa stares as Deukmejian, inset, takes oath

From moonbeams to common sense or from exhilaration to dullness?

Whatever the merits of those arguments, the contrasting styles of the unconventional Brown, 44, and the traditional Deukmejian (pronounced Duke-*may*-gin), 54, were readily apparent as the new Governor's term began. When Brown took office eight years ago, he contended that state and national resources were limited, that continual economic growth was neither possible nor desirable and that "small is beautiful." To dramatize that view, Brown held a simple, seven-minute swearing-in ceremony, concluding with the order, "C'mon, let's get to work." There were no parties. He drove a battered 1974 Plymouth and spurned the new $1.3 million Governor's mansion, living alone in a $400-a-month apartment.

Deukmejian, the son of an Armenian rug merchant, took office proclaiming that "there are no limits to what we can achieve" and promising to seek "a new era of opportunity with responsible progress and growth which expands outward for all who seek work." His two-day inauguration included a two-hour show starring Dean Martin and Peggy Lee, a half-hour ceremonial oath-taking (attended by Brown and former Senator S.I. Hayakawa), a reception for influential campaign contributors and a black-tie ball. The $500,000 celebration was produced by Walt Disney Productions and MGM/United Artists.

After the dancing, Deukmejian went to work behind closed doors in the capitol. Even his receptionist was shut away from public view. Brown had kept the massive paneled doors wide open. Deukmejian placed comfortable stuffed couches in his outer office. Brown had craftily employed stiff wooden benches to both symbolize austerity and discourage lingering. Deukmejian, who has been camping out in a Holiday Inn, says he wants to move into the unoccupied Governor's mansion built by Ronald Reagan's former administration. Brown shunned the 25-room stucco house set on eleven green acres as too opulent. Brown's government tried to sell it, but rejected the few bids as too low.

The differences between the outgoing and incoming Governors go beyond style. While both took office during recessions, the current one is far worse than that of early 1975. Brown inherited a $500 million budget surplus from Reagan. Deukmejian faces a $1.5 billion deficit left by Brown. The deficit was caused mainly by the recession and by the state aid Brown gave to maintain city and county services after the celebrated Proposition 13 of 1978 had curtailed property tax revenues.

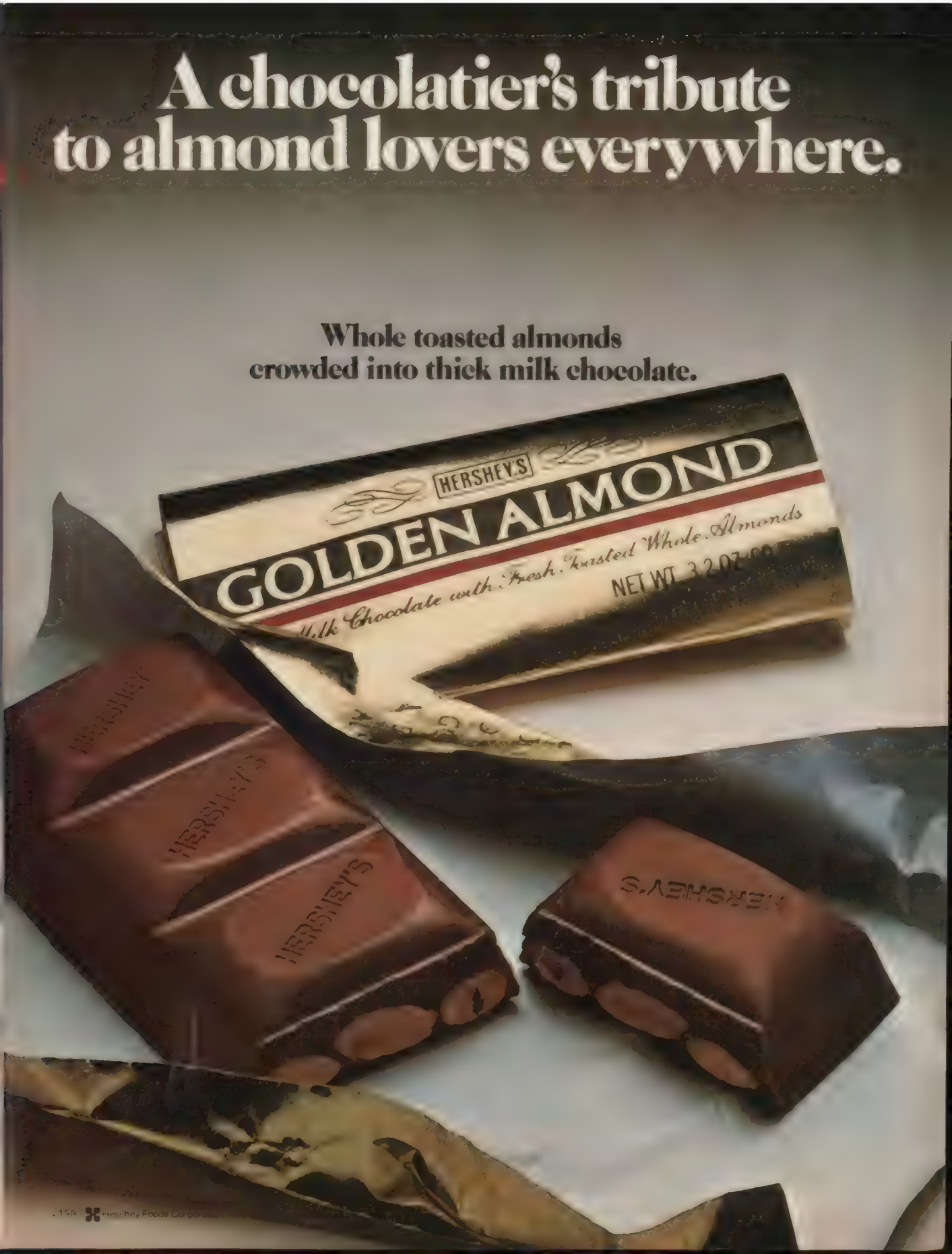
The hard-working Deukmejian, who spent 16 years in the state legislature and four as state attorney general, promptly tackled the deficit by clamping a lid on all hiring of new state employees, banning out-of-state travel by state officials and ordering a 2% cut in operating funds that will mostly affect the state university system and state colleges. This will save only some $70 million, however, and Deukmejian almost certainly will have to raise taxes to balance the budget, as required by the state constitution. That will be politically awkward, since he campaigned on a pledge to fight tax increases.

The Governor's budget proposals to be announced this week were expected to avoid any tax hike and to close the deficit partly by borrowing $700 million from next year's budget—a delaying tactic that the Democratic-controlled legislature seems likely to reject. If there are to be new taxes, Deukmejian seems determined to force the Democrats to propose them.

Other campaign promises also will be difficult for Deukmejian to keep. He emphasized new efforts to combat crime, which will cost money. A champion of law-and-order, Deukmejian, as a member of the state legislature, helped restore the death penalty, although his bill to permit execution for armed robbery did not pass. He complained that Brown had appointed too many "liberal" judges who failed to "protect the rights of victims as well as protecting the rights of the accused." But in his last hours in office, Brown appointed 52 judges, a record number for a single day, prompting Deukmejian to concede that he will not have much chance to name new ones.

Deukmejian has also vowed to repeal some measures designed to protect consumers and the environment, contending that they retard business growth. But the legislature will oppose such plans. Another big problem for Deukmejian: five of the six elected officials in his administration are Democrats.

As he left office, an uncommonly exuberant Brown entertained 50 of his longtime aides at a cocktail lounge near the capitol. He embraced Pop Singer Linda Ronstadt, whom he has dated periodically for six years. Brown intimates say that the relationship is on again and that a spring wedding is even possible. Brown will say only that he intends to retreat to his Laurel Canyon home in Los Angeles, learn to operate the Apple III computer given him by his staff, do some writing and read books. Brown does not hesitate to admit that he still has political ambitions, declaring all too accurately "I feel ready to go, but there's no calling." —*By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Benjamin W. Cate/Los Angeles and Alessandra Stanley/Sacramento*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Kilauea Quakes

Eruptions in Hawaii

For three days, the earth shook around the remote High Sierra town of Mammoth Lakes, Calif., as more than 1,000 tremors struck. Geologists watched closely for evidence of a long-predicted eruption, but the local volcanoes behaved. Not so some 2,500 miles to the west, where Madam Pele (pronounced *Pay*-lay), the legendary goddess of Hawaiian volcanoes, was in full and fiery glory. After 48 hours of intermittent though spectacular spits and smolderings, Kilauea volcano, in Hawaii Volcanoes National Park on the island of Hawaii, erupted in a nocturnal display of geothermal pyrotechnics that shot fire fountains as high as 500 ft. in the air. Hot red viscous lava spewed repeatedly from one 270-ft.-long fissure in the earth, flowed several hundred yards and then disappeared into another huge crack.

The eruption broke out several miles from the volcano's crater, mowing down and burning an ohia-lehua tree forest growing over what is known as the East Rift Zone, an underground fault. During previous eruptions, the rift was the conduit for the deadly lava that wiped out whole villages on "the Big Island," as Hawaii is known locally. Although nearly all of the lava was confined to the park, at week's end the flow was threatening a number of private homes.

But there were no injuries; rangers in the park are skilled at shielding a gawking public from harm. Kilauea's performance last week far outclassed two 24-hour eruptions last year. The natural fireworks were so spectacular that at least one commercial airline pilot veered off his normal flight path to give passengers a bird's-eye view of the show below. ■

Nature's Fourth of July: searing fountains of lava shoot hundreds of feet into the air

A deadly advance: molten rock snakes its way through ohia trees as volcanic steam rises

Newark Shakes

Explosion in New Jersey

One giant fireball shot 1,000 ft. into the air. Windows shattered and burglar alarms were touched off for miles around, and residents of communities almost 100 miles away reported that their homes shook. In the predawn hours last Friday, a thunderous explosion ripped through three towering gasoline tanks at a Texaco storage facility in Newark. The blast killed one man and injured 21 others. After using water and foam to contain the blaze, hundreds of fire fighters watched as the giant vessels slowly began to burn themselves out. By daylight the tanks, filled with some 3.4 million gal. of gas for service stations in New York and New Jersey, were flaming mounds of crumpled metal. Fire officials are investigating the cause of the explosion. ■

Huge columns of fire and smoke rise from three Newark gasoline storage tanks that exploded

Officers preparing for a sweep at scene of Overtown disorders

Assessing Harms' Way in Miami

Officials examine police performance during riot

The violence had ended in Miami's mostly black Overtown neighborhood, but racial tensions remained high last week. On Saturday, some 1,000 mourners buried Nevell Johnson, 20, whose killing by a Miami policeman ignited two days of rioting. City officials were so worried about more trouble that they persuaded the family to cancel a planned funeral procession from the video-game parlor in which Johnson was shot to services in Liberty City, site of a black riot in 1980 in which 18 people died.

The ceremony, although emotionally charged, was held without incident, but Miami knew that it could not afford to relax. Eight investigations were under way to pinpoint the causes of the disorder and assess the performance of the Miami police against the rock-throwing, car-trashing and window-smashing mobs. Some of the probes focused on Policeman Luis Alvarez, who shot Johnson in the head at short range after, police claimed, the victim had made a "sudden move." Johnson had a handgun under his shirt.

Miami civil rights leaders called for the dismissal of Police Chief Kenneth Harms, 43, a 23-year veteran of the department. Harms' reputation for competence is high, although some city officials liken him to General George Patton because of his tough talk and brusque manner. Indeed, Harms lived up to that image by refusing to make mollifying statements that might ease the friction between police and blacks. "The police did not cause the riot," said Harms, who blamed "200 to 250 hoodlums" for the "robbing, looting and torching."

Defenders of the Miami police point out that the force has expanded by 62% in the past two years, from 640 to 1,039 members, in an expensive effort to combat one of the highest crime rates in the nation, much of it related to drugs. Of the new recruits, 82% are from minorities. While Harms has increased Hispanics on the force by 31.6%, the number of black policemen has increased only 6.1%. At the same time, many white officers have resigned, so the force is now 44.2% white, 39.2% Hispanic and 16.6% black. Miami's population breakdown: 15% white, 58% Hispanic, 27% black.

This shift in the composition of the police department has had some unintended consequences. The increased Latinization of the force has angered many blacks, who resent the services and attention given to Cuban immigrants by city officials. The shooting of Johnson by Alvarez, a Hispanic with only 21 months on the force, inflamed this sore spot. Miami officials also note that he and his partner, Louis Cruz, 22, had left their assigned patrol area and gone to the video-game parlor on their own.

Another result of the rapid growth of the police department is that a high proportion of its officers are new to the job. More than half (58%) have less than three years of service; more than a third (36%) have less than 18 months and are still on probationary appointments. Many may not be sufficiently trained or experienced to handle racial incidents or employ minimal force when violence is threatened. Four blacks have been killed by policemen in the past three months.

Still, Miami police face so much crime and so many troublesome situations on the streets that they pay a heavy personal price. While only one officer has been killed on duty in the past twelve years, each year nearly half of the city's police are injured on the job. A startling 72% have been divorced. Police psychologists report that 25% are in psychotherapy for alcohol- or drug-related problems.

There is also sympathy among Miami city officials for the difficult role of Harms. "He's been catching it from all sides," says one of his associates. "He's like a man trying to stand up on rolling logs." So far, Harms has retained enough balance to keep his job, although he and his department were sharply criticized after the race riots of 1980. Those logs are slippery. ■

Cyanide Again

Capsules figure in two cases

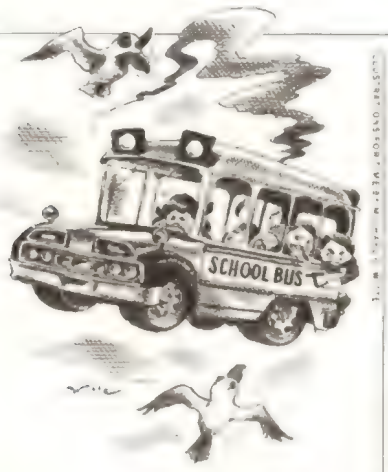
When Susan Bowen, 30, was rushed to the hospital after lapsing into a coma in her San Jose, Calif., home, doctors suspected a heart attack or a stroke. But when hospital tests revealed an "unknown substance" in her blood, Bowen's husband Richard hired a private laboratory to analyze the contents of a bottle of Maximum Strength Anacin-3 capsules he said she had used. Five of the capsules had been tampered with, and one contained cyanide. Richard Bowen retained flamboyant San Francisco Attorney Melvin Belli to sue the maker of Anacin-3, American Home Products Co., for $1 million. But last month Bowen was arrested as a suspect in the crime.

Last week Bowen, 29, a circulation manager for the San Jose *Mercury News*, pleaded not guilty to charges of attempted murder and poisoning of medicine. In a surprise move, Belli introduced Susan Bowen in court in an attempt to obtain his client's release on bail. Unable to speak because of brain-stem damage sustained in the poisoning, Bowen's wife nodded in assent when Santa Clara County Municipal Court Judge Stephen Manley read a written statement in which she said, "I in no way suspect him of trying to injure me." Judge Manley, however, denied bail for Bowen, citing "clear and convincing evidence." San Jose police say they do not believe Anacin-3 capsules played any part in the poisoning.

Bowen

Some 700 miles north, in Hillsboro, Ore., detectives were keeping "open minds" in their investigation into the death of Patricia Bennett, 31. A campus security officer at Portland Community College, Bennett died last week after swallowing one or more Anacin-3 capsules laced with cyanide. Her death was the first fatal poisoning linked to pain relievers since seven people in the Chicago area died between Sept. 29 and Oct. 1. Meanwhile, American Home Products is voluntarily withdrawing all Anacin-3 capsules not in tamper-resistant containers. ■

Americana



Pot Luck

Driver Gloria Arsenault, 58, taking a busload of 50 children to their junior high school in Peabody, Mass., thought she smelled something odd. Her nose told her it was marijuana smoke. Her mouth told the kids to stop. "But these kids weren't stopping," said Arsenault later.

So Arsenault drove her passengers to the local police station. There officers poked through the bus and found two joints and two hashish pipes. Who were the smokers? None of the students would say. That would be squealing. Town officials and police promptly decided on a punishment: they suspended service on the bus for three days.

Some of the children live as far as six miles from school, but none had to walk. Their parents, who complained loudly about the suspension, drove the youngsters to class. Said Ninth-Grader Michelle Penkul, 15: "They shouldn't be making this much hassle over pot." Bus Driver Arsenault had a different view: "I did it because I am a mother and grandmother and concerned for these kids."

Coupon Mad

Sharon Otten, 40, an apparel saleswoman in Anaheim, Calif., knows a good deal when she sees one. When she discovered an automobile dealer's coupon in the Orange County Yellow Pages offering $100 off the price of a new or used car, she was not content to let her fingers do the walking. Instead, Otten went from door to door, besieging relatives, friends and strangers to give her the coupons from their phone books. She even got one from her mother-in-law. When she had collected 91, she offered them to Dealer Scott Nowling after bargaining with him for a 1982 Oldsmobile Firenza, listed at $10,394.

When Nowling balked, Otten accused him of false advertising and filed a suit for the cost of the car. Nowling says no one ever told him he had to specify one coupon per customer. Refusing to settle out of court, he protested: "We have to stand up for what is right. She shouldn't get something for nothing." Otten, who contends that Nowling has received $10,000 in free publicity alone, is confident she will win the case. Meanwhile, she has not stopped collecting coupons.

Driving 'Em Crazy

It looked like a real nice morning for a trip, so Russell Grafton, 79, and his wife Ruby, 74, climbed into their 1982 Ford Bronco and drove off. Thus began a nine-day jaunt that frazzled the Graftons' relatives, baffled police and may have involved some 4,000 U.S. miles.

Driving on back roads, the couple meandered through northern Illinois as far as Chicago, east into Indiana, south to Paducah, Ky., and then into the St. Louis area. Back in Carman township, Ill., distraught family members, unaware that the Graftons were motoring aimlessly, reported them missing.

Sheriff's deputies and state troopers launched an extensive land-and-air search. Melvin Grafton, 49, a nephew, hired a local water dowser to wring what tips he could from a road map. Nothing worked. Just when everyone was braced for the worst, state police located the elderly couple in Alton, Ill., 160 miles south of Carman. Everyone assumed the Graftons were lost. Not at all, said Russell. "I don't understand what the fuss is about. We were just traveling around."

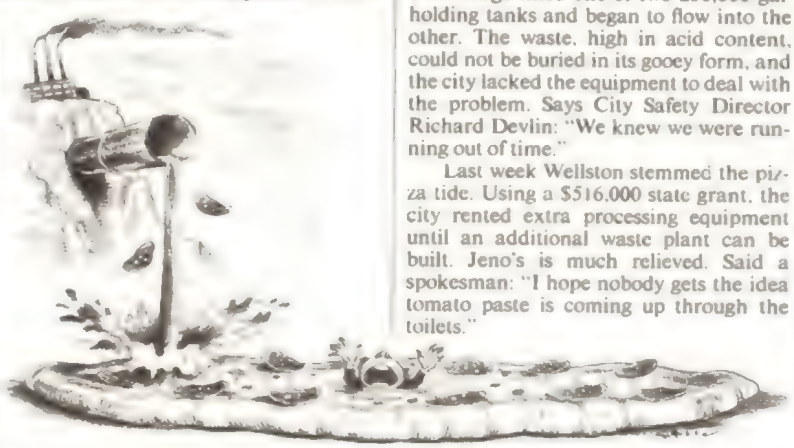
Staggering Tab

Henry Matson, 62, recalls the night he strolled into a bar called the Great Alaskan Bush Co. with a $12,579.64 paycheck in his pocket. At least he remembers the beginning of the night. Matson, who had been fishing for salmon in Alaska's Bristol Bay, was looking for a good time in the rowdy Anchorage saloon. And he got exactly what he wanted, according to Owner Edna Cox, who agreed to cash Matson's check. He spent the night, she said, "buying all the patrons in the club drinks, paying numerous girls for table dances, handing out $100 bills to girls." When Matson asked next morning for his money, Cox said he had spent it all. Matson was not convinced. Said he: "It didn't seem reasonable."

An Anchorage Superior Court judge agreed. The judge ordered Cox, who failed to appear at a November hearing, to repay Matson. But last week Superior Court Judge Mark Rowland overturned that decision, giving Cox ten more days to respond. Matson and his attorney were not commenting on the decision. Cox was said she: "I am not in any way liable for the decision of a mature gentleman to party with vast amounts of money."

One Extra Large Pizza Peril, to Go, and Make It Snappy

When Jeno's Inc. built a frozen-pizza plant in economically depressed Wellston, Ohio (pop. 6,100), last March, city officials were delighted. But they found it hard to stomach the consequences. An estimated 300,000 gal. of pizza waste, made up of excess flour, cheese, pepperoni, tomato paste and meat particles, backed up in Wellston's sewage-treatment plant. The sludge filled one of two 250,000-gal. holding tanks and began to flow into the other. The waste, high in acid content, could not be buried in its gooey form, and the city lacked the equipment to deal with the problem. Says City Safety Director Richard Devlin: "We knew we were running out of time."



Last week Wellston stemmed the pizza tide. Using a $516,000 state grant, the city rented extra processing equipment until an additional waste plant can be built. Jeno's is much relieved. Said a spokesman: "I hope nobody gets the idea tomato paste is coming up through the toilets."

Among the new Israeli urban settlements rising in the West Bank is Ma'ale Adumim to the east of Jerusalem on the road to Jericho. With the completion

MIDDLE EAST

Israel's Great Land Rush

Defying the U.S., Begin speeds up settlement of the West Bank

And I will give to you, and to your descendants after you, the land of your sojournings, all the land of Canaan, for an everlasting possession; and I will be their God.

So said the Lord to Abraham, as recorded in *Genesis 17: 8*, and the descendants of Abraham remembered. In 1948 the Jews of Palestine seized control of part of the ancient land of their forefathers and established the state of Israel. In 1967, as a result of the Six-Day War, Israel occupied those portions of the ancient regions of Judea and Samaria that lie in the West Bank of the Jordan River, territory that had been ruled by Jordan. Though the future status of the occupied area remained unresolved, the Israelis proceeded in the next 15 years to build 103 relatively modest Jewish settlements in the West Bank. Now, in direct defiance of the U.S., Israel has embarked on an extraordinary crash program to colonize the contested West Bank as quickly as possible.

By the middle of this year, 6,000 new housing units will be completed, and 35,000 Israelis are expected to move to the West Bank, more than doubling the territory's current Jewish population and bringing the total to more than 60,000. Israeli officials predict the number will reach 100,000 by 1987, if not sooner, and by the year 2010, they say, the West Bank will contain 1.4 million Jews and 1.6 million Arabs. Says Ze'ev Ben-Yosef, spokesman for the World Zionist Organization's settlement division: "People are moving in every week, by the hundreds."

A crane carries prefabricated concrete blocks

"We are at five minutes to midnight."

Behind those remarkable forecasts are harsh political realities that may affect Israel, its Arab neighbors and its U.S. ally for generations to come. The accelerated building program runs directly counter to the Reagan Administration's efforts to launch talks aiming toward a broad Middle East peace settlement. Last September, President Reagan offered a peace plan under which the West Bank and the Gaza Strip would become associated with Jordan. He called on Israel to halt its expansion of settlements in the occupied territories, hoping that such a step would bring Jordan to the bargaining table. Prime Minister Menachem Begin angrily rejected the Reagan plan, saying that the West Bank, which he refers to by the biblical names of Judea and Samaria, belongs to the Jewish people forever.

Last week Reagan told Israeli President Yitzhak Navon that Israel's West Bank settlements are "not helpful" to the peace process. In private, U.S. diplomats are more direct. Says a senior Administration official: "The President has a choice. He can tell the Israelis that they must stop the settlements or it will cost them dearly. Or he can watch his peace initiative get buried by Israeli bulldozers."

The West Bank is clearly at the center of Israeli strategic thinking. Some of Israel's critics are convinced that the Begin government's primary motive in attack-

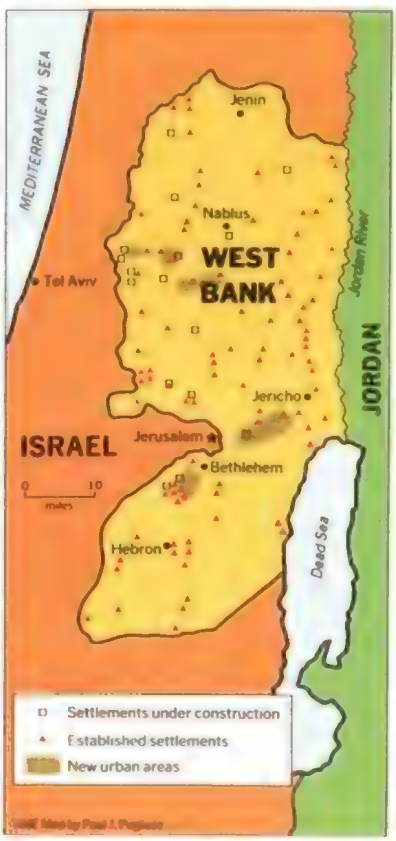
Photographs for TIME by David Rubinger

of Ma'ale Adumim and nine other new developments, the Jewish population in the West Bank will increase from 25,000 to 60,000 this year

ing Lebanon last summer was to crush Palestinian hopes for establishing a Palestinian state in the West Bank and Gaza. Now, in what these critics believe is an effort to gain time, the Begin government is showing reluctance to withdraw its troops from Lebanon, a withdrawal the U.S. had once thought would be completed by Christmas. After their fourth meeting in less than a fortnight, Lebanese and Israeli representatives said last week that they had made little progress in their peace talks. They could not even agree on an agenda. The main stumbling block: an Israeli demand that Lebanon "normalize" its economic and diplomatic relations with Israel before Israeli troops are pulled out, a condition the government of President Amin Gemayel cannot accept without angering fellow Arab states whose support he needs. Meanwhile, Lebanon remains in turmoil, its government barely strong enough to carry out the formalities of power. Fierce fighting between Lebanese Muslim factions in the northern city of Tripoli took at least 100 lives last week.

The Israelis make no secret of their plans for the West Bank. To achieve the immediate goal of 100,000 Jewish settlers in the West Bank, Israeli planners say they will spend $610 million over the next year or two. Says Michael Dekel, Deputy Minister of Agriculture in charge of settlements: "If we reach the 100,000 mark, even if the opposition comes to power, it will no longer be able to transfer parts of the land of Israel to Arab rule and thus endanger our existence as a state and nation." In other words, no autonomy for the West Bank as envisioned by Anwar Sadat and Jimmy Carter at Camp David, and no relationship with Jordan as advocated by President Reagan. Instead, the West Bank would face an ambiguous future as a sort of Israeli colony.

A modest settlement policy began under the Labor government after the 1967 war. The first outposts were small, often containing no more than 40 families. These Jewish settlers, many of them religious zealots, were motivated by a desire either to live in the land of their biblical ancestors or to reinforce Israeli security. Often armed, they served as a kind of early-warning system for the Israeli military.



But fewer and fewer Israelis showed a desire to exist in uneasy isolation on rocky hilltops, so Israeli settlement agencies decided a little over a year ago to attract "Levittowners," middle-class Israelis who could be lured by promises of cheap housing. The new developments each contain a minimum of 400 families. Says Deputy Minister Dekel: "What will prevent the removal of Jewish settlements, or their transfer to Jordanian rule, is not the number of settlements but the number of residents." Dekel recalls that when Israel withdrew from the Sinai last year, it had to uproot and generously compensate 6,400 Israelis living in the Yamit district. Already, he notes, there are 25,000 Jews in the West Bank. "This is much better; it would be hard to evacuate them. But that is not enough: we must reach 100,000." Thus the Begin government is doing its utmost to make it impossible for any future government of Israel to withdraw from the West Bank without creating economic chaos and political turmoil.

Some of the buyers are speculators but the majority are middle-class Israelis who cannot afford housing in Jerusalem or Tel Aviv. Because the Israeli government is backing the program all the way, providing low-cost land to developers and low-interest mortgages and loans to buyers, the cost of the new houses and apartments is extremely low. Buyers at the West Bank development of Nofim are paying $90,000 for villas that could cost $250,000 in Israeli cities, but many of the houses and apartments being built are even cheaper than that. Mazal and Moshe Levi, who had been living with relatives, discovered that they could buy a three-bedroom apartment in a settlement near Jerusalem for a down payment of only $8,000.

Settlements of Yakir, foreground, and Emanuel

Most of the ground being set aside for the new settlements was public land, known as Sultan's property in the days of the Ottoman Empire. After 1967 the Israeli government simply declared itself the heir of the Turkish Sultan and proclaimed itself the owner of all such land. Inevitably, as the Israeli population grows, Israel will extend to the new settlements and the new settlers the full protection of Israeli law. As a result, the West Bank need never be formally annexed by Israel. Indeed, as Begin has put it, "you don't annex your own homeland."

A sense of urgency characterizes the whole operation. Dekel approached a small building contractor last year, telling him, "I have something to offer you, something that can make you a big builder." Later, in the West Bank town of Qalqilya, Dekel showed the contractor a barren hill a mile north of town. He explained that the government controlled 62½ acres there, and would let the contractor have them for $14,000 per acre, about one-twentieth of what the land would cost in the nearby Israeli towns of Kefar Sava and Ra'ananna. He added, "If you will build 250 villas there, we will help you finance the project, and we will develop the area for you." The landscape is stunning, the air clean and the site is close to every urban center in Israel. The state will build roads, schools and gardens and bring in electricity and water. The contractor hastily accepted.

A newspaper advertisement for one new settlement promises, "A new road will be built that will enable you to reach Tel Aviv without the need to cross any Arab towns and villages." Critics argue that this is central to the whole concept: the creation of Jewish communities that have nothing in common and little to share with the Arab society around them. The schools and shops will be Israeli, the language Hebrew, and culture and entertainment will be available in the Israeli cities only 15 or 20 minutes away by car.

The result of the whole program is that the West Bank is changing as quickly as a stage set. Scarcely a month ago, there was nothing but rocks, a few tractors and some foundations at a place called Tzavta, near Qalqilya. When TIME Correspondent David Halevy visited Tzavta again last week, he found a newly built 3½-mile road, ten cottages nearing completion and another 70 on the way. A makeshift factory was turning out building blocks and iron rods, and four large cranes were busy day and night moving prefabricated materials to the building sites. Here, as elsewhere in the West Bank, the labor force was local Palestinians, while the inspectors and chief technicians were Israelis.

The West Bank's Arab residents find the Israeli building boom bewildering. New subdivisions are appearing beside ancient Arab villages; biblical landscapes are being obscured by real estate bill-

Efrat settlement, left, is under construction and Ariel is just about completed. At Daniel, below, a child works in his family's yard

boards. Among West Bank political leaders, the Israeli settlement program has created an anxiety that stops just short of panic. Says Bethlehem's moderate mayor, Elias Freij: "We are fighting against time. The Israelis want to grab as much land as they can. They want to make it impossible for us to have autonomy, not to mention a state. We are at five minutes to midnight, and this is our last chance."

Both of Israel's main political parties, Navon told Reagan last week, believe that Israelis should be allowed to settle in the West Bank. Still, Labor has long favored territorial compromise over the West Bank and opposed annexation of the occupied territories, largely because it does not want to absorb 1.3 million Palestinians from the West Bank and the Gaza Strip into the Israeli population. Last month Labor Party Leader Shimon Peres

suggested that Jewish settlements could remain on the West Bank even if they were under "non-Israeli sovereignty." Meron Benvenisti, a former deputy mayor of Jerusalem and an expert on the West Bank, says that once the Jewish population of the territory reaches 100,000, "this group will be represented by five members of the Knesset [out of 120], and there will be no political party in Israel capable of putting in its platform a plan to evacuate 100,000 people from the West Bank."

The rapid construction has provoked unease among some members of the religious community that has supported Begin in the past. About 800 young religious Israelis recently formed "a new movement for peace" and said they were willing to consider plans involving territorial concessions "if Israel's security could be assured." Declares Deputy Foreign Minister Yehuda Ben-Meir, a member of the National Religious Party: "We are absolutely against annexation. To annex the land and absorb the people, and then turn them into second-class citizens, would be anti-Jewish."

The U.S. has few ways to thwart the Israelis. The form of pressure most frequently advocated is the "aid weapon," in this case perhaps involving a reduction in U.S. aid in direct proportion to the sums Israel spends on new settlements. But many members of Congress remain susceptible to pressure from Israel, regardless of the cost to U.S. interests and prestige. The 97th Congress went so far as to give Israel more aid in 1983 than the President had asked for. Although Reagan has been reluctant to use economic pressure, tempers are growing short. With even the Lebanese-Israeli troop-withdrawal talks bogged down, to say nothing of the Camp David peace process, U.S. strategists are believed to be considering a brusque message to Begin: the U.S. would not welcome a visit from him, scheduled for February, if there is still "no agenda and no progress" in the troop-withdrawal talks by then.

Assuming Begin makes the trip, Administration officials do not want to devote the Reagan-Begin meeting to the Lebanese withdrawal problems. Instead, they want to focus on the larger and more complicated matter of the West Bank. The U.S. is mindful of last month's visit by King Hussein of Jordan, who told Reagan that Arab participation in future negotiations over the West Bank would hinge on U.S. determination to follow through on the Reagan peace plan, and particularly on the President's call for an Israeli freeze on West Bank settlements. Whether Begin, who has had his way on past visits to Washington, can be persuaded to address the Administration's concerns is doubtful. If the U.S. wants to influence the future of the West Bank before it is too late, it will have to show greater resolve than it has demonstrated in its relations with Begin over the past five years, and quickly. —*By William E. Smith. Reported by Harry Kelly and Robert Slater/Jerusalem*

The Cautious Visitor

In his New Year's message to the Israeli people, he wished them "a boring year of peace." But for Yitzhak Navon, Israel's President, 1983 may be anything but boring or peaceful. Navon, 61, is being touted as a strong candidate who could unite the divided Labor Party to challenge Prime Minister Menachem Begin and his Likud coalition should Begin call new elections this year.

The surge of interest in Navon in Israel inspired unusual caution in Washington as the Israeli President began a ten-day tour of the U.S. with a visit to the White House last week. Mindful that any sign of favoritism toward Navon might be interpreted as meddling in Israeli politics, Administration officials were careful to stress the "informal" nature of Navon's visit. They were particularly anxious not to antagonize Begin, who is scheduled to come to Washington next month. Thus President Reagan and Navon met alone for only 20 minutes before sitting down to lunch with Vice President George Bush and Secretary of State George Shultz.

Navon, too, was being careful, confining his statements to "nonpartisan" concerns. He told the President that even those in Israel who support Reagan's Sept. 1 peace plan, which calls for the Israeli-occupied West Bank to be linked to Jordan, fear that the proposal could be "misinterpreted" to allow for an independent Palestinian state one day.

After a speech before the National Press Club and a tour of Mount Vernon with his wife Ofira, Navon flew on to New York City and Boston for talks with American Jewish groups and others. In a moment of candor, he confessed that there had been times during his tenure when he found it tough to keep silent. "It is not that I don't have my own opinion," he said, "but I am paid not to think aloud." One moment when Navon could not keep silent was after the Beirut massacre in mid-September, when he publicly expressed his shock and sorrow and called for a commission of inquiry to investigate Israel's role. He said later that if Begin had not appointed a commission, he would have resigned.

DAVID RUBINGER

Reagan and Navon in the Oval Office

The commission's findings, which are slated to be released next month, could bear on Navon's political future. If they implicate the government, Begin is expected to respond by calling new elections. The Labor Party will then have to decide whether to enter the campaign under the leadership of Shimon Peres, who has lost to Begin twice, or choose a new leader. Navon has said he would accept the job only if he was uncontested, meaning that both Peres and former Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin would have to step aside. Given the party's divisions, that is not considered very likely.

Some supporters point out that as a Sephardic Jew, Navon would appeal to the Sephardim (mostly non-Europeans), who now constitute a majority of Israel's population and are among Begin's strongest backers. Says Rabbi William Berkowitz, president of the American Jewish Heritage Committee: "Navon is to the Sephardim what John F. Kennedy was to the Irish Americans." At the same time, Navon's scholarly accomplishments and urbanity are attractive to Jews of European extraction. A graduate in Islamic culture from Hebrew University, he speaks fluent Yiddish, Arabic, English and Spanish. He has written a prizewinning play *(Sephardi Orchard)* as well as a popular concert presentation of Sephardic songs and folklore.

After serving as political secretary to Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion for eleven years, Navon ran for the Knesset in 1965, serving as Deputy Speaker and chairman of the defense and foreign relations committee before resigning to become President in 1978. Will he now try to cap his career by taking on Menachem Begin? Navon says he has already decided what he will do—but Israelis will have to wait until next month to find out.

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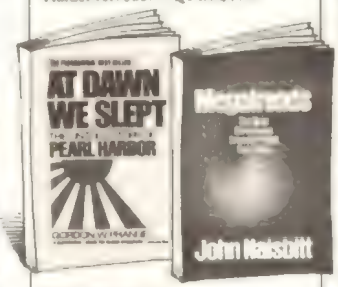

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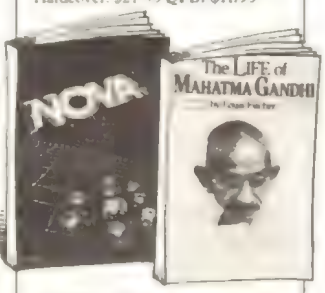

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COMMUNISTS

Playing to a Western Audience

In his foreign debut, Andropov offers a "grand peace proposal"

"The peace-loving forces on earth are looking at Prague in anticipation," the Soviet Communist Party daily *Pravda* reported with due solemnity. If they were, all that they saw was perfunctory television footage when leaders from the seven Warsaw Pact nations converged on Czechoslovakia's capital last week for their biennial summit. The main attraction was the tall, stooped figure who stepped off a Soviet airplane at Prague's rain-soaked Ruzyně Airport. Yuri Andropov was making his first trip abroad since he became party chief last November. As it turned out, his foreign debut did not quite measure up to the advance billing in the Soviet press, but the Kremlin's new leader proved more artful than his predecessors in putting pressure on the U.S. and its NATO allies

After two days of closed-door discussions in the centuries-old Hradčany Castle overlooking Prague, the Soviet-led military alliance unveiled a "new grand peace proposal." Noting that nuclear war would have "catastrophic consequences," the Warsaw Pact leaders urged the Western alliance to join with them in a "treaty on the mutual non-use of military force and the preservation of peaceful relations." The nonaggression pact also called for a ban on nuclear testing, chemical warfare and neutron weapons

During a press conference in Washington later the same day, President Reagan called the proposal something "to be considered," although it "would require consultation with all our allies in NATO." Reagan declared that he would "welcome" a meeting with Andropov, but only after careful preparation. The President's tone contrasted noticeably with the Administration's outright rejection three weeks ago of an Andropov offer to reduce the number of Soviet nuclear missiles aimed at Western Europe, from an estimated 250 to 162, the number that Britain and France now have in their independent nuclear arsenals. At that time, Reagan outspokenly stuck to the U.S. position at the Geneva talks on intermediate-range nuclear weapons, a "zero option" under which NATO would forgo the planned deployment, starting at the end of this year, of 572 new Pershing II and cruise missiles if the Soviets dismantled all intermediate-range missiles

U.S. allies were not responsive to the latest Soviet overture. British Foreign Secretary Francis Pym pointed out that the United Nations Charter and the 1975 Helsinki Final Act contained "perfectly satisfactory" nonaggression clauses. In West Germany, where the NATO missile plan has become a major issue in the campaign leading up to national elections on March 6, Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher urged Moscow "to follow its words with deeds." Responding to the Andropov proposal to reduce the number of Soviet missiles to fewer than 162 if France and Britain trimmed their nuclear arsenals, French President François Mitterrand warned that it was "useless to dream that France would reduce its present armaments in the slightest "

Still, such tough-sounding language might give way to calls for compromise if there is no sign of progress in Geneva. U.S. officials pointed out that the East bloc has been talking about a nonaggression pact for more than 25 years and dismissed the Prague plan as a propaganda exercise. The Warsaw Pact proposal, however, was tailored not for the Pentagon but for public opinion in Western Europe, where peace protests are expected to spread as the NATO missile deadline approaches. If Reagan did not dismiss the Prague offer out of hand, it may be because Administration officials are becoming sensitive to criticism of the President's defense policies

Two days before the Prague summit, *Pravda* also offered its most detailed critique to date of the Reagan Administration's proposals for the separate Geneva negotiations on limiting intercontinental ballistic missiles. The editorial called the White House plan, which would allow no more than half of each nation's arsenal of strategic nuclear warheads to be land based, a scheme for the "unilateral disarmament of the U.S.S.R., camouflaged as a proposal on reductions." The U.S., *Pravda* asserted, was "totally responsible for the stalemate" in the strategic-arms talks

The Prague summit resulted in some fine-tuning of a new Soviet peace offensive, but it apparently accomplished little else. The final statement offered no solutions for the serious economic problems besetting the nations of the Warsaw Pact. With lagging industrial productivity, persistent shortages of consumer goods and a $70 billion debt to the West, the seven-nation alliance can ill afford an escalating arms race with the West. Financially strapped Poland, which owes the West some $26 billion, was offered only the most perfunctory assurances that it could "rely on the moral, political and economic support from its socialist, fraternal countries "

Andropov's foreign debut may have seemed devoid of drama, but his low-key performance merited close attention. Said a French Sovietologist: "Basically, there is nothing new, but there is a much more skillful use of language, adapted to the different audiences to which it is addressed " Long accustomed to monotone and heavyhanded Kremlin pronouncements, Western leaders are fast learning that in the future they will have to evaluate messages from Moscow with increasing sophistication. —*By John Kohan. Reported by John Moody/Bonn, with other bureaus*

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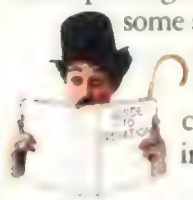

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TERRORISM

Counterattack

The Soviets blame the CIA

Even by the standards of the Soviet Union's often inflammatory official daily newspaper, last week's tirade was one for the books. "The dirty snowball of lies and slander now rolling over the pages of the Western press will sooner or later melt under the rays of the truth," *Pravda* declared. "Only dirt will remain, which will stain for a long time the political reputation of those who were helping to mold that snowball." The target of the unusual vituperation: widespread suspicions in the West that the KGB plotted or abetted or was at least aware of the assassination attempt on Pope John Paul II in May 1981, with the Bulgarian secret police serving as its proxy.

The strongly worded reactions were a sign of how seriously the Soviets take the accusations, which have grown out of a continuing Italian investigation into the attempt by Turkish Terrorist Mehmet Ali Agca to assassinate the Pope. Agca, who was sentenced to life imprisonment last July, has told Italian investigators that his accomplices included three Bulgarian agents, two of whom, he said, drove him to St. Peter's Square the day of the shooting.

The Soviet press also charged that the CIA had fabricated rumors of Soviet and Bulgarian involvement in the papal plot in order to undermine the Warsaw Pact. The "Bulgarian connection," a Soviet TV commentator noted, is like the Reichstag fire that was believed to have been set by Hitler's agents and blamed on Communists, thus helping to consolidate Nazi power. Said the Soviet newsman: "Half a century later, antisocialists are [again] preparing a war against the socialist community." A day later, Radio Moscow predicted confidently that Sergei Ivanov Antonov, one of the Bulgarians fingered by Agca, would be released after testimony from witnesses that Antonov had been at his Balkan Airlines office at the time of the shooting. TASS implicitly dismissed speculation that the Soviets were motivated to kill the Pope by his support of Poland's Solidarity trade union. In fact, the agency said, the Soviet Union was being victimized by John Paul, who is "conservative and rigid."

At his press conference, President Reagan said he could not comment on the case while the Italian investigation was under way. Privately, officials expressed concern that any U.S. reply would play into the Soviets' hands. Said a Washington official: "By responding in any way to the Soviet charges that this is just a CIA plot, we would be adding stature and weight to those ridiculous charges."

Meanwhile, Turkish judicial authorities are probing Agca's role in the fatal shooting of a liberal newspaper editor in Istanbul in 1979; Agca was convicted of the murder. The Turkish government also requested the extradition from Bulgaria of another Turk, Bekir Çelenk, whom Agca has reportedly accused of offering him $1.25 million to kill the Pope.

Antonov's lawyers have demanded that their client be freed on the basis of testimony by ten Italian and Bulgarian witnesses who swear he was not in Agca's company on the day of the shooting or the two days prior to it, as Agca has claimed. This week Ilario Martella, the Italian magistrate investigating the papal plot, must come to a decision on Antonov's alibis. It may hinge on other evidence he is gathering. West Germany informed Martella last week that it had agreed to his request for the extradition of Musa Serdar Çelebi, a right-wing Turkish extremist whom Magistrate Martella has accused of complicity in Agca's crime. Martella also went to Munich to interview another Turk, Atalai Saral, for the investigation. Said Martella of his meeting with Saral: "Very interesting." ■

INDIA

Local Theater

A star upstages Mrs. Gandhi

For the ruling Congress (I) Party, the campaign had all the characteristics of an expensive national election. The party's motorcades were colorful, strewn with flowers and loaded with loudspeakers blaring campaign slogans and songs. Cabinet ministers were brought from New Delhi to address rallies. An estimated $5 million was spent to give each of Congress (I)'s 576 candidates five vehicles, 20,000 posters, 200 cloth banners, 10,000 paper badges, 50,000 pamphlets and a $10,000 campaign fund. It was not a campaign for the national parliament, however, but for legislatures in the southern states of Andhra Pradesh and Karnataka and the northeastern state of Tripura. Nonetheless, India's Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, 65, was out to win big. Just to make sure, she spent 16 days barnstorming through the three states, appealing to their 54 million voters.

She might as well have stayed home. After the polls closed last week, it was clear that Mrs. Gandhi had lost—badly. Nearly everywhere, Congress (I)'s candidates were trailing well behind opposition party members. In Andhra Pradesh, they were routed by followers of a new political party, founded last March by one of India's top movie stars, N.T. Rama Rao, 60. N.T.R., as he is known, campaigned from the back of a renovated 40-year-old Chevrolet, and beneath giant copies of his old movie posters, in favor of greater local autonomy. Never attacking Mrs. Gandhi by name, N.T.R. delivered a simple message: "India's leaders in their pursuit of power and personal gain have reduced the people to penury." Countered Mrs. Gandhi: "I like drama and so do you, but politicians cannot be made a subject of entertainment."

N.T. Rama Rao

For the Prime Minister, there was more at stake than the selection of local legislators. Two of the three states (Andhra Pradesh and Karnataka) have been Gandhi political fiefs for decades, and her party was a clear favorite. Thus last week's defeat will surely weaken Mrs. Gandhi's authority over Congress (I). More important, it could spur internal Indian strife, lending strength to the nation's growing number of ethnic and political separatist movements. Indeed, even as the votes were being counted, election tension erupted in violence. In Hyderabad, the capital of Andhra Pradesh, two people were fatally stabbed and more than 70 others were wounded before a dusk-to-dawn curfew was imposed. ■

ZIMBABWE

The Plague of Tribal Enmity

As violence increases, whites flee and investors stay away

It was not an auspicious start for the coming year. On New Year's Eve, six people, all but one of them white, were killed in a spree of violence near Bulawayo, Zimbabwe's second largest city. In an especially gruesome incident, the throat of a 71-year-old farmer was slit ear to ear. Only days earlier, a pack of 15 to 20 armed men wearing green camouflage uniforms and animal-skin caps had halted traffic on the Bulawayo-Gweru Highway, spraying buses and cars with gunfire and then torching three of the vehicles. Three blacks died, and 21 were injured.

The latest streak of violence is a disquieting sign that the fragile tribal coalition that turned white-ruled Rhodesia into black-governed Zimbabwe in 1980 is crumbling. On one side are Prime Minister Robert Mugabe and nearly 6 million members of the Shona tribes; opposing them are Joshua Nkomo, the rival nationalist leader, and the 1.5 million–strong Ndebeles. Mugabe supporters blame the holiday terror on diehard members of Nkomo's ZIPRA guerrilla army, which was disbanded after the nation's seven-year civil war had ended. Nkomo stoutly denies any responsibility for the rebel actions, although he does not rule out the possibility that his supporters might have been acting on their own. Nearly three years after taking office, Mugabe now faces his biggest challenge yet, one that threatens to force more whites to flee the country while shaking international confidence in Zimbabwe's future. Says a businessman in the capital city of Harare: "It's tough, tough, tough here."

The tribal rivalries stretch back to the early 19th century, when Ndebele warriors plundered the camps of the Shonas. British settlers combined the hostile tribes into one nation in 1890, but the antipathy remained. During the civil war, the Shonas and Ndebeles split into rival guerrilla camps, with Mugabe's ZANLA forces based in neighboring Mozambique and aided by the Chinese, and Nkomo's ZIPRA army at headquarters in Zambia and helped by the Soviets. The rebels agreed on only the most basic goal: the replacement of Prime Minister Ian Smith's white-dominated regime by an independent black state. The leaders are stylistic opposites: Nkomo, 64, plays the outgoing but wily politico, while Mugabe, 58, is an austere, scholarly man. In Zimbabwe's first elections in 1980, Mugabe trounced Nkomo, but nonetheless initially named his opponent Minister of Home Affairs. The honeymoon ended last February when Mugabe charged Nkomo with plotting to overthrow his government and sacked him.

Meanwhile, the ongoing clashes between the Shonas and the Ndebeles have grown worse, especially within the new national army, which tried to meld both ZANLA and ZIPRA guerrillas into its ranks. Some 1,200 of Nkomo's onetime rebels have deserted the armed forces, returning to Matabeleland, homeland of the Ndebeles. The region has turned into an African version of the wild West, with former ZIPRA guerrillas roaming the countryside in small bands, murdering or kidnaping civilians, ripping up rail and power lines and robbing scores of people.

To try to restore order in Matabeleland, the Mugabe government last August launched Operation Octopus, an offensive by seven army battalions that netted 450 suspects. But in their zeal to root out dissidents, the soldiers roughed up many of the Ndebeles, increasing the tribe's hostility toward the Mugabe government. Last summer saboteurs wrecked 13 planes, about 25% of Zimbabwe's air force, while ZIPRA rebels abducted six tourists (two Americans, two British and two Australians) returning from a trip to Victoria Falls. Nkomo disavowed the crimes and traveled through Matabeleland urging the locals to aid in the hunt for the kidnaped tourists, but to no avail. There have been no negotiations with the abductors, and the fate of the foreigners remains unknown.

The marauding dropped off sharply last fall, making the Mugabe government believe that the guerrillas were running low on ammunition. The latest rash of crimes has led Zimbabwe to point a finger at the white minority government of neighboring South Africa. Emmerson Munangagwa, Minister of State in the Prime Minister's Office for Security, accused South Africa last week of training a "Matabele brigade" with the ultimate aim of destabilizing the Mugabe government. South Africa dismissed the charge as ridiculous, but diplomats in Harare are not sure. Says a Western official: "It's not in South Africa's interest to have an unstable Zimbabwe, but I don't know if Pretoria agrees. They certainly don't like Mugabe, a Marxist who they think is a wolf in sheep's clothing."

Caught in the web of the tribal conflicts are the country's 170,000 whites, less than 3% of the total population of 7.5 million. Zimbabwe depends heavily on its skilled white workers, especially in farming and mining. But 42,000 have emigrated since independence, even though Mugabe has repeatedly assured them that they are wanted in Zimbabwe's multiracial society. Says a white farmer in Matabeleland: "The situation is more worrisome than it was during the war."

News of the violence has hurt Mugabe's efforts to attract foreign investments. Twice in the past month, guerrillas seeking to overthrow the Marxist government of neighboring Mozambique blew up a pipeline that fed essential supplies of oil to Zimbabwe from the Mozambican port city of Beira. As a result, streets and highways in Zimbabwe are now largely deserted, many workers stay home, and motorists who insist on filling up must wait for as long as 24 hours for a turn at the pump. Even nature seems to have conspired against the country: much of Zimbabwe is parched from the worst drought in a decade, crippling agriculture, which accounts for 16% of the country's gross national product and provides income to 70% of the population.

Mugabe met with Nkomo secretly last month to explore ways to defuse the volatile situation, but the results of the session are not known. Low-level officials of both parties are working on a political compromise that would give Nkomo and his followers a larger role in the government. But because tribal enmity is so deeply rooted in Zimbabwe's history, any settlement may prove fleeting. —**By James Kelly. Reported by Marsh Clark/Harare**

Motorists wait in line in the capital city of Harare during a gasoline shortage

A nation beset by economic woes as well as a spree of murders and robberies.

Training for a bloody competition: members of Opium Smuggler Khun Sa's Shan United Army march in formation in the Golden Triangle

SOUTHEAST ASIA

Battle of the Warlords

At stake: the Golden Triangle's $800 million opium trade

In Southeast Asia's Golden Triangle, January is harvest time. It is also a time when members of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration check the skies for signs of bad weather, hoping that nature will spoil the lucrative crop of opium poppies that are the economic mainstay of the mountainous region where the borders of Burma, Thailand and Laos converge. This year the climate has been kind to the poppy growers and bad for the DEA: a bumper crop of 700 tons is expected, 100 tons more than last year. But the U.S. narcs are not very worried. The reason: in Burma's remote Shan state, where nearly 80% of the area's opium is grown, vicious fighting between the warlords who dominate the drug traffic has closed many of the traditional smuggling routes. Says a DEA official based in neighboring Thailand: "The situation is pure chaos. For once, the area's intrinsic anarchy is working in our favor."

Anarchy may be too mild a term for the situation in the 75-sq.-mi. triangle, where bandits, remnants of China's pre-1949 Nationalist army, and more than half a dozen "liberation armies" scramble for their share of the $800 million annual opium haul. Last February Thai armed forces ousted the region's biggest opium smuggler, Khun Sa, and his 3,000-member Shan United Army from their luxurious mountain aerie in the border town of Ban Hin Taek. Khun Sa fled back to Burma, and his departure created a power vacuum that lesser warlords are now fighting to occupy. In Burma, Khun Sa has tried to muscle his way into territory controlled by smaller criminal gangs. Even the 10,000-member insurgent Burmese Communist Party (B.C.P.) has joined in resisting Khun Sa's invasion, in an escalating fray that has resulted in the death of scores of mercenaries and turned at least 3,000 local Wa and Lahu tribesmen into refugees.

Warlord Khun Sa

To complicate matters further, military operations against the warlords by both the Thai and Burmese governments have led to cross-border incursions by troops from both countries, which are straining diplomatic relations. Last month the warlords began hitting back, machine-gunning and looting a tourist boat in Thailand's northern Chiangrai province. Says a U.S. diplomat in Bangkok: "Our mission in [neighboring] Chiangmai [province] is almost literally under the gun. The opium warlords have so many contacts in Chiangmai that anything is possible."

Equally threatened are the 450 civilians who live in Doi Luang, a picturesque mountain town straddling the Thai-Burmese border. While Thai border police patrol the streets, three mercenary armies camp atop a 7,200-ft. mountain near by. Among them are Khun Sa's mercenaries and their local allies. In the surrounding jungle are the rival forces of a pro-Communist warlord known as A-Be. Periodically, bursts of machine-gun fire echo down the mountainside. Ambushes are frequent, and victims seldom receive a proper burial. Says a Western narcotics agent: "There seems to be only one rule when warlords fight. Kill anything that moves."

Ironically, the big winners in the drug battles could be the Burmese Communists. The B.C.P. began collecting raw opium in the early 1970s and passing it on to Khun Sa's mercenaries, who refined the substance into heroin for shipment abroad. That relationship ended with Khun Sa's forcible eviction, and now the B.C.P. and local Chinese financiers are trying to take over the entire drug traffic. The warlord wars, in other words, are unlikely to end any time soon. —*By George Russell.*

Reported by David DeVoss/Doi Luang, Burma

Civilian smugglers hauling jade and illicit narcotics from Burma into Thailand

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A Big Brawl in Banking

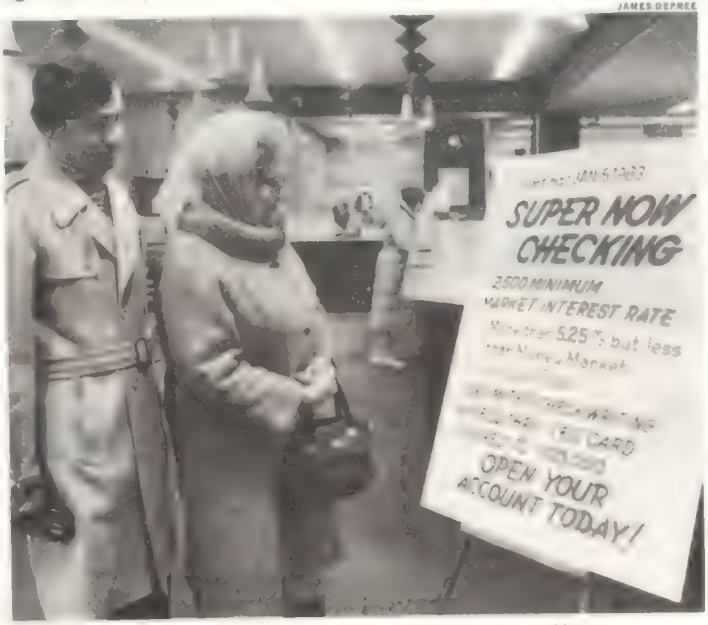
Deregulation sparks competition that could reshape the financial industry

In the realm of finance, 1983 may be remembered as the year that competition rumbled through the banking industry and rattled its foundations. To be sure, bankers have long vied with one another to offer customers the shiniest toasters or softest Teddy bears, but they have not had to compete where it counts: in the interest they pay for their basic savings and checking deposits. That situation is now changing. In a move to ease restrictions that had been in force since the Great Depression, federal regulators last month freed banks and savings and loan associations to pay whatever interest they wish on so-called money-market savings accounts of $2,500 or more. Last week the rules were loosened further to allow financial institutions to pay unlimited interest on checking accounts of at least $2,500. That spurred the creation of the Super NOW, a higher-interest version of the old NOW accounts, which had a 5¼% limit.

Fighting to attract customers to these new accounts, S and Ls and banks are offering a bewildering array of double-digit interest rates, bonuses and prizes. The competition may threaten the survival of hundreds of small institutions that cannot afford to match the come-ons of their rivals. Says Robert Lackovic, executive vice president of the San Francisco–based 1st Nationwide Savings: "It's going to be a real dogfight. The one thing regulation did was to produce a system in which the consumer knew he could walk in anywhere and get the same product. That era is over."

The scramble began with the introduction of the money-market accounts on Dec. 14. Congress authorized these savings plans to help banks and S and Ls recover a part of the $231 billion that had been diverted to money-market funds operated by mutual-fund management companies and brokerage houses. The new money-market savings accounts offer high interest, allow unlimited withdrawals and even permit depositors to write up to three checks a month. Moreover, the deposits are federally insured, unlike the shares in a money-market mutual fund.

To entice customers, banks and S and Ls have offered introductory—and temporary—interest rates far higher than the 8¼% now being paid by the typical money-market fund. In the Atlanta area, the banks practically went berserk, guaranteeing rates of 20% or more for the first month. The First DeKalb Bank there, which dangled 25% interest and an E.T. doll, took in $7 million the first day, an amount that increased the bank's total deposits by 17%. Elsewhere, rates have been more realistic, generally ranging from 9% to 11%. But money has hardly been the only lure. Besides paying 10% interest, the Union Warren Savings Bank in Boston has handed out 4,700 16-piece dinnerware sets (retail value: $65) to customers opening money-market accounts.



Confronting the confusing new accounts at an Illinois savings and loan

The come-ons included E.T. dolls, $100 bonuses and interest as high as 25%.

The Federal Reserve Board reported last week that by Dec. 22 some $52 billion, much more than expected, had flowed into money-market deposits. Reserve Board officials estimate, however, that only one-sixth of the cash came from money-market funds or other sources outside the banks. The rest of the money was transferred from lower-interest bank deposits like passbook accounts. Thus the banks are simply paying higher interest for money that they already had. Some institutions are having much greater success than others at attracting new customers. San Francisco's Bank of America, which has offered 11¼% on money-market accounts plus a $100 bonus for deposits of $20,000 or more, reported that fully 50% of the first $4 billion it attracted was "new money" from outside the bank.

While touting the money-market account, most banks are cooler toward the Super NOW authorized last week, and many institutions have not offered it yet. Because the Super NOW allows unlimited check writing, it will be more expensive to operate than the money-market account. Moreover, bankers fear that the Super NOW will draw in little new money. Instead, it could attract much of the $340 billion in existing checking accounts that pay interest of 5¼% or less. To discourage customers from switching to the Super NOW, many banks are slapping stiff fees on the new account. The Wachovia Bank & Trust Co. in Winston-Salem, N.C., offers 7¼% interest on the Super NOW, but also levies a $2-per-month service charge and a 20¢-per-check fee. Admits John Ramsey, the bank's retail marketing manager: "Customers will probably have to keep more than $5,000 [in the Super NOW] to be better off than they were with their original NOW accounts." New York's Chemical Bank, which was paying only 6¾% on Super NOWs last week, levies a 20¢-per-check fee on all balances below $20,000 and an additional $6-per-month service charge on accounts of less than $10,000

Unlike most commercial banks, many savings and loan associations are hailing the Super NOW. Because they have relatively few checking accounts, they expect the Super NOW to bring in mostly new money and are paying high rates. Chicago's St. Paul Federal Savings & Loan is offering 11%. New York City's Dry Dock Savings Bank is paying 8.6% on $5,000 deposits and 11.3% on $25,000 ac-

counts, with no fees unless the customer writes more than 30 checks a month. Says Dry Dock Chairman Robert Steele: "We're new to the checking-account business, and we hope to make a major inroad against commercial banks."

Customer response to the Super NOW was subdued last week, compared with the rush into money-market deposits in December. Many people are now befuddled about which new account to choose and where to open it. The returns offered may change from week to week as interest rates throughout the economy fluctuate, and few institutions have given any clues in their advertising about how they will determine what to pay. In general, Super NOWs are expected to yield at least 1% less on average than money-market accounts. One reason: federal regulations require that banks put aside 12% of their checking-account funds, including Super NOW money, as reserves that cannot be used to make loans. As a result, banks and S and Ls will earn less and thus pay less on Super NOW accounts than they will on money-market deposits.

The new accounts are not a total windfall for consumers. People will earn more on their deposits, but they will also pay more for loans than they otherwise would have. At the moment, the recession is putting downward pressure on interest rates, especially for business loans. But cautious bankers, worried about the interest they will have to pay on money-market deposits, are keeping consumer-loan rates at onerous levels. The national average rate on auto loans from banks is 16%, down only 1½ points from a year ago, despite a 4-point drop in the rate at which banks can borrow from one another.

Deregulation could be devastating to many financial institutions if competition prevents them from keeping loan rates high enough to cover the steep costs of their new accounts. Big money-center banks should fare well because they get the bulk of of their deposits from businesses, which are not eligible for the Super NOW accounts, rather than consumers. But smaller, regional banks rely heavily on consumer deposits and are thus more vulnerable to rate-raising competition for money-market accounts. Banking Analyst Jonathan Gray of the Sanford C. Bernstein investment firm predicts that regional banks will face earnings declines of 10% to 20% or more this year. Gray also believes that as many as 25% of the 15,300 banks in the U.S. may eventually have to merge with stronger competitors or go out of business altogether. Consolidation will no doubt continue in the ailing savings and loan industry, where the number of firms has shrunk from 4,240 to 3,620 in the past two years.

The money-market mutual funds, which are responsible for provoking deregulation in the first place, are sure to suffer. After years of torrid growth, the funds' assets have declined from $231 billion to $207 billion since the debut of the new bank accounts. Several funds are trying new strategies to keep their customers. Boston's Fidelity Group is offering federally insured money-market accounts through an arrangement with Chicago's Continental Illinois bank. Continental holds the accounts, but Fidelity handles communications with the customers and collects a fee from the bank. Another mutual-fund company, New York's Dreyfus Corp., bought its own bank last month: Lincoln State Bank in New Jersey.

Besides shaking up the banking industry, deregulation will make it tougher for the Federal Reserve Board to fine-tune the U.S. economy by controlling the money supply. Traditionally, the Reserve Board has focused on M1, a measure that includes checking accounts and currency and thus represents the amount of funds that Americans have readily available to spend. But with the advent of Super NOW checking accounts, which go into M1, that measure becomes more nebulous. No one knows what portion of the funds in Super NOW accounts will be spending money and how much will constitute savings. The Reserve Board has announced that partly because of the uncertain impact of the new accounts, it will temporarily abandon its targets for M1 growth. This alarms many economists who feel that the Reserve Board may unwittingly allow inflation to speed up again.

Ultimately, deregulation could bring on the most sweeping financial upheaval in half a century. It will change the way money is saved, borrowed, spent and even defined. It will reshape the banking industry as some competitors prosper in the new environment and others falter. Before the fallout settles, some bankers may look back nostalgically to those lazy days when the Government told them what to do. *—By Charles P. Alexander. Reported by William R. Doerner/San Francisco and Sara White/Boston*

Two Guys and an Idea Worth Millions

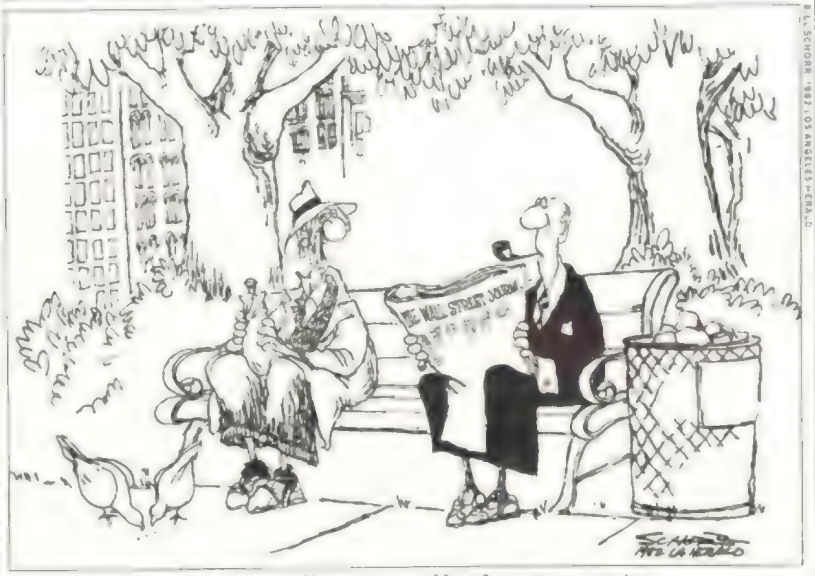
A dozen years ago, hot dogs and peanut butter were about the only affordable fare for Bruce Bent and Henry Brown, the inventors of the money-market mutual fund. Their creation, registered in 1971 as the Reserve Fund, offered big yields to small savers for the first time and eventually spawned a $200 billion industry. At the outset, the idea yielded Brown and Bent little besides frustration, but nowadays they are a couple of happy millionaires.

The two men were partners in a financial consulting business in 1969 when they observed that it was possible to get 8% or 9% on short-term investments in money-market instruments, whereas consumers were earning only 5% in passbook savings accounts. The hitch was that most people did not have the $100,000 or so that it took to buy higher-yielding investments, such as commercial paper and certificates of deposit. Brown and Bent's solution: a mutual fund that would allow lots of people to pool their money and get into the higher-yielding market. They worked out details while facing each other across their back-to-back desks.

At first, though, customers shied away from the novel fund. Brown had financed the venture with $150,000, but that quickly began to go. Bent, who put up nothing, was paid a salary of $11,000 in 1971 but got no pay at all in 1972. (Those were the hot dog years.) Looking for shareholders for the fund, the pair got in touch with 125 brokerage firms, insurers and other prospects. None would invest. "We were exhausted financially and emotionally," recalls Bent. Salvation arrived on Jan. 7, 1973, in the form of a New York *Times* article on Reserve. The publicity boosted its assets from $400,000 to $1.9 million in less than a month.

Reserve's investments now total some $3 billion, making the fund the 20th largest of its type in the U.S. And while Brown, 56, and Bent, 45, will not say how much money their idea has brought them, the sum would obviously buy a lot of hot dogs. The two are sole general partners of the company that manages the fund's assets, and the company was paid $13.1 million during fiscal 1982 for running the money. Brown and Bent say that they have plowed much of the income back into the business over the years, investing some $11 million in computer hardware and software. Says Brown: "We could declare ourselves nice, huge salaries and go out and buy yachts, but that's not our inclination." Like the managers of other money-market mutual funds these days, however, they often dream of buying a bank.

Financial Pioneers Bruce Bent and Henry Brown



". . . First I was a Keynesian . . . Next I was a monetarist . . . Then a supply-sider . . . Now I'm a bum . . ."

Where Have All the Answers Gone?

Economists seem bankrupt just when their ideas are needed most

President Reagan's extraordinary holiday proposal for aiding America's growing army of the unemployed popped up again last week. Noting that businesses still outnumber jobless workers,* the President suggested that every firm try to hire just one more person. At his first 1983 news conference, however, Reagan conceded that employers are not yet rushing to respond.

Economists might dismiss the President's remedy as frivolous, but their own prescriptions have not helped much either. Faced with a grinding recession that has driven the unemployment rate to 10.8% of the work force, the economics profession has dissolved into a babel of conflicting voices. Result: as the new year gets under way, economists seem further than ever from agreement on how to restore the economy to robust health.

That leaves policymakers with few clear guidelines to follow. Last month, for example, White House Adviser Edwin Harper briefed Reagan for an hour on the dismal state of economic thinking. Harper's conclusion: "The U.S. economy is too complex and depends upon too many human decisions to be explained by any single theory."

Economists now know far more than ever about how the economy works. But stagnation and rising unemployment have turned the current economic debate into a brawl. Take Nobel Prizewinner Lawrence Klein, who received the 1980 award for his work in the development of economic-forecasting techniques. Klein, a Keynesian who believes in deficit spending to pump up a slack economy, dismisses the rival supply-side school, which Reagan championed. Supply-siders claim that cuts in tax rates should spur savings and investment and release a torrent of new production. "Our dispute with supply-siders is that their theories are nonsense," retorts Klein. Then he adds, in only partial jest: "They pulled a vast swindle on the American public—so much so that I've often thought that if there were Nuremberg trials for economists, supply-siders would be in the dock."

An equally savage blast comes from Michael Evans, chief economist for the Wall Street investment firm of McMahan, Brafman, Morgan & Co. Evans, a fallen-away supply-sider, blames high unemployment on the monetarist theories of 1976 Nobel Laureate Milton Friedman, who holds that slow and steady money growth is the key to economic health. Evans charges that some overzealous Friedman followers believed that the money supply could be squeezed without harming the economy. Says he: "Those people are now proved to be nuts, and they're gone forever. That aspect of monetarism belongs on the trash heap of economics."

Such invective now confronts the Reagan Administration, which came to power brandishing exceptionally strong economic convictions. The Reagan program consisted of four parts, which newsmen quickly dubbed Reaganomics. These consisted of supply-side tax cuts, reductions in federal spending, moves toward deregulation, and a monetarist tight-money policy to curb inflation. Reaganomics did cut inflation sharply, lowering the annual rate of increase in the Consumer Price Index from 12.4% in 1980 to a current level of less than 5%.

Although the Reaganauts had promised to conquer inflation without causing much pain, the price of victory turned out to be extraordinarily high. The tax cuts led to huge budget deficits, which could reach $200 billion in the current fiscal year. Those unprecedented shortfalls then teamed up with monetary restraint by the Federal Reserve Board to send interest rates and unemployment through the ceiling.

The upshot for the Administration has been a new pragmatism and a marked softening of ideology. In that spirit, the White House backed the new 5¢-per-gal. gasoline tax that became law last week, and it also fought for and won a $98 billion tax increase in August. And while some squabbling continues among key policymakers, like Treasury Secretary Donald Regan and Martin Feldstein, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, much of the fierce partisanship that marked earlier power struggles within the Administration has vanished. Says Feldstein, a conservative Harvard economist who has headed the CEA since September and subscribes to no one viewpoint: "Some zealots think that their school has *the* answer and that if only it were followed religiously, then all our

*This is true: at last count there were 14.7 million businesses and 12 million unemployed. However, more than 11 million of the businesses were proprietorships, most of which employ only a few people.

Milton Friedman

Arthur Laffer

problems would go away. But real life is not that simple. There are some truths in many theories, and my case is for a balanced, eclectic package."

The intellectual fathers of the monetarist and supply-side movements, however, are not quite ready to surrender. Friedman, for one, denies that the Federal Reserve has really followed his advice. Says he: "Monetarism has been given no trial, fair or otherwise. The rhetoric has been monetarist, but not the practice." Friedman charges that the Fed behaved erratically by squeezing the money supply during the first half of 1982 and then letting it swell. "If that be monetarism," says he, "I am not a monetarist."

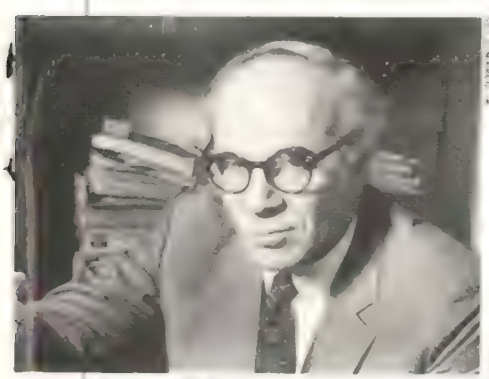
Although they no longer have much policy clout, some supply-side economists remain as jaunty and ebullient as when they did. Arthur Laffer, for example, still believes in his famous curve. It was designed to show that cutting tax rates would stimulate so much output that the total tax take would rise and the budget deficit would fall. So far, of course, the opposite has happened: the recession has depressed tax revenues, while the deficit has swollen. Says Laffer now: "Supply-side economics has hit the nail on the head. The expansion in the first quarter of 1983 is going to be enormous." He reasons that people and companies arranged to defer part of their income in 1981 and 1982 in order to take advantage of the lower tax rates in 1983.

The most despairing group of economists today may be the Keynesians, who enjoyed prominence as the leading school of thought during the 1960s and '70s. They met their Waterloo in the late '70s, when their pump-priming policies pushed up inflation. Says Allan Meltzer, a Carnegie-Mellon University professor and an influential monetarist: "If the Keynesian program had worked, Jimmy Carter would still be President." Although many Keynesians now want to trim the deficit, the recession has emboldened others to call for continued high deficit spending. Says Lester Thurow, a leading Keynesian who teaches at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology: "For the next four or five years the problem is how you get the economy moving to reduce unemployment. For a period, we can afford to practice old-fashioned Keynesian economics again."

One new school that has been winning converts is that of rational expectations. This approach holds that the Government should not try to spur the economy through deficit spending and loose-money policies, since such efforts just jack up inflation. The proper economic role of Government, this theory argues, is simply to provide a stable background for consumers and business. Says Mark Willes, an executive vice president of General Mills who became a spokesman for the school while serving as president of the Federal Reserve Bank of Minneapolis: "Rational expectations will become the dominant economic theory in the next ten years." Willes and his colleagues also maintain that economic forecasts are not to be trusted, since people react to policy changes in unpredictable ways.

Forecasters naturally disagree with that. Although they admit to making errors, they insist there is no glitch in their complex economic models. Data Resources Inc., for example, was one of dozens of outfits that failed to anticipate the sharpness of the recession. But Allen Sinai, senior vice president of the big Massachusetts firm, attributes that shortcoming to factors that range from unexpected Federal Reserve shifts to a misreading of the role of foreign trade. In any event, says Sinai, DRI usually assigns its forecasts no more than a 50%-to-55% probability of being right. Adds he: "Clients who have left us because of mistaken calls can be counted on the fingers of one hand."

The warring economic theories have produced casualties. Not the least of them is public confidence, without which no policy can survive. Observes Felix Rohatyn, a senior partner in the investment banking house of Lazard Frères & Co.: "Keynesianism seems to have created a runaway inflation, while supply-side, monetarism and Reaganomics seem on the way to creating a depression. People are not only becoming more skeptical of economic theory, but it is highly appropriate that they do so." Economists will have to trade their old quarrels for some new ideas if they hope to keep that justifiable skepticism from growing. —*By John Greenwald. Reported by David Beckwith/Washington and Adam Zagorin/New York*



Lawrence Klein

Martin Feldstein

Gee! The G24

A sports car for Chrysler

At auto shows this week in Detroit and Los Angeles, and at a special preview in New York, Chrysler Corp. will show off its new, snappy, four-seat, low-slung G24 sports car. To Chrysler, the car is more than just another way to get around. Largely because of the G24, Chrysler, for the first time since 1978, will be recalling U.S. workers who have been on indefinite layoff.

Between now and the scheduled start of production in July, Chrysler will be pouring some $96 million into its assembly plant in Fenton, near St. Louis, in preparation for turning out G24s and other 1984 models. Two models of the G24, one bearing the Dodge Daytona nameplate and the other Chrysler's Laser, will go on sale in the fall.

Chrysler will increase its Fenton work force, used for building LeBarons, convertibles, Dodges and the successful K car, to as many as 4,300 people, from 2,600, and will also install some 45 welding robots. First crack at the jobs will go to 3,300 Chrysler workers on layoff from the

plant. There was widespread relief in and around St. Louis, which has an unemployment rate of 11.1%. Said Missouri Governor Christopher Bond: "We have seen unemployment far too high, far too long." Sighed Richard Burton, president of United Auto Workers Local 136 in Fenton: "Good news has been a long time coming for Chrysler workers." Or for auto workers in general, some 268,000 of whom are currently on indefinite layoff.

To be priced between $10,000 and $14,000, the G24 will be the first U.S.-built, front-wheel-drive sports car, with a turbocharged four-cylinder engine. So excited is Chrysler Chairman Lee Iacocca that he is investing $150 million to make the car, more than 10% of Chrysler's 1984 development capital.

The G24 is regarded as Chrysler's first genuine sports car, with handling worthy of the designation. In aerodynamic design alone, *Motor Trend* magazine says, the car is "better than anything Chrysler has ever done."

The company is aiming the G24 at a less depressed segment of the car market: relatively affluent buyers who have a taste for speed and dash and might be customers for GM's Camaro or Firebird, or Toyota's Celica. In *Motor Trend's* tests, the G24 hit 60 m.p.h. in 8.22 sec., close to the industry's performance leader, Ford's 302 HO Mustang GT. ■

LOOK AT THIS ROOM IN A DIFFERENT LIGHT.

We brought over 100 years of GE lighting experience to help bring this room to life. And when that happened, the entire feeling of the room changed.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE ROOM ON THE LEFT?

The proper amount of light wasn't being provided where it was needed. The lighting, or lack of it, failed to accent the artwork, the plants, even the furniture.

WHAT'S RIGHT WITH THE ROOM ON THE RIGHT?

By applying a combination of lighting fixtures, dimmers, and GE bulbs, a soft glow is cast throughout the entire room.

Notice the table lamps. We replaced the ordinary bulbs with GE Soft-White Three-Way bulbs allowing for three intensities of light—just enough for relaxing or ample enough for reading.

The lamp shades were also changed for more even lighting in the seating area.

Although these changes may be simple and obvious, they are changes that are often overlooked.

Now take a look at the walls. By fitting GE bulbs into recessed ceiling fixtures, we accomplished two things. Above the fireplace, GE Miser™ floodlights add texture to the hooked rug—transforming a possibly overlooked wall-hanging into a woven work of art

Then by "washing" the back wall with light, the painting now emerges from the shadows with a new sense of importance. In the bay window area, GE fluorescent lights were hidden in the cornice, making the hanging plants more noticeable and the window seat cozier and more intimate.

The entire room has now taken on a warmth and brightness it didn't have before.

DRAMATIC CHANGES: BIG AND SMALL.

Some of the lighting changes in this room were quite inexpensive.

Others took a bit more time, effort and money.

You may want to start with the smaller, less expensive ones.

GE CAN HELP YOU DO IT.

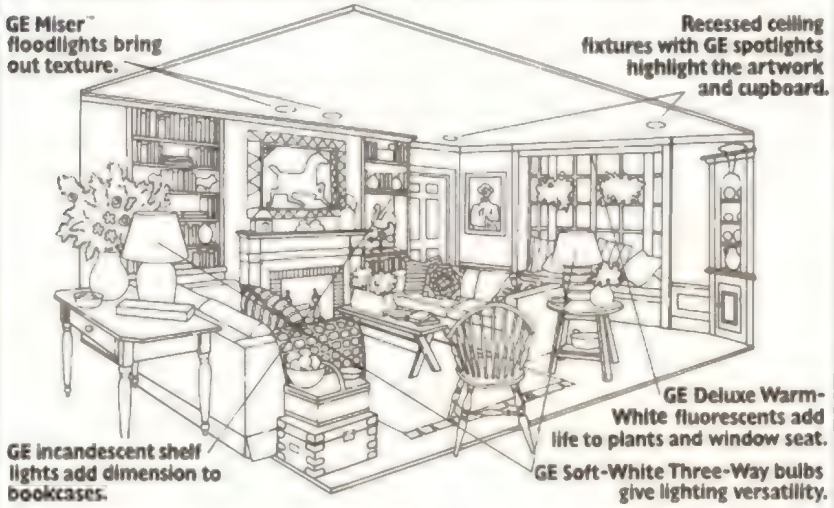
If you want to know more about lighting, perhaps the perfect place to start is the GE Home Library Light booklet.

It's full of ideas on how to use light more effectively throughout your home. There are also three other colorful booklets containing helpful information on other important areas of the home.

FREE. GE HOME LIBRARY.

For your free copy, send your name, address and zip code to: GE Home Library, Box 4520, Monticello, MN 55365. Be sure to include 50¢ to cover postage and handling.

For more help with lighting or any GE consumer product or service, call the GE Answer Center™ information service at 800-626-2000 toll-free, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.



But once you've seen how dramatic even small changes can be, you'll probably want to see your entire home in a different light.

WE BRING GOOD THINGS TO LIFE.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

The Year It Paid to Buy Bonds

But the rewards for collectors were mostly intangible

The markets for everything from Chinese ceramics to Government bonds last year provided a classic case study of what happens to investment values when interest rates and inflation begin to slide. Collectibles, which once glittered in the glare of rising prices, assumed a certain dowdiness, while the stock market won the spotlight as it pierced all previous tops. But the real stars were bonds.

Bonds had their best year ever. According to Salomon Brothers, the return on high-quality long-term corporate bonds was 44%, counting price appreciation and assuming that interest was reinvested. U.S. Government bonds, one of the safest investments around, returned 41%. Next to that, the 20% rise in the 30 Dow Jones industrial stocks seemed almost anemic.

In every other sense, it was a great year for stocks. The Dow industrials, which in the past few years have generally underperformed the broad market indicators, did best. They beat the indexes for the New York Stock Exchange (up 14%), the over-the-counter market (up 19%) and the American Stock Exchange (up 6%).

The swiftest gainer on the N.Y.S.E. was actually not a stock but a warrant, a security that gives its owner the right to purchase a stock at a set price over a period of time. The winning warrant was for Chrysler Corp., at $13 a share until 1985. As the year started, Chrysler stock was selling at 3⅜, so that the opportunity to buy a share at 13 was not worth much: the warrant sold for 1¼. By year's end, however, Chrysler shares had gunned ahead to 17¾, and the warrant was trading at 9⅛, a 630% rise. Chrysler's stock, up 426%, was the second best on the exchange. Shares of other automakers also fared well: American Motors and Ford Motor Co. more than doubled, and General Motors rose 62%, from 38½ to 62⅜.

The No. 1 stock on the N.Y.S.E. was Coleco Industries, the videogame manufacturer, even though it ended the year 28% below its 1982 high. Coleco, the creator of Donkey Kong, absorbed a swift kick in December after Warner Communications, owner of Atari, projected a fourth-quarter slump in earnings caused by disappointing videogame sales. Coleco suffered in the ensuing market sell-off, but then it bounced back. Having started the year at 6⅞, the stock wound up at 36¾. By last Friday, it had risen another 5%, thanks to Coleco's announcement that 1982 earnings could be quintuple those of 1981.

The big winner on the over-the-counter market was Millicom, which is involved with the cellular technology that threatens to put a phone in every car. Millicom sold for less than $2 a share a year ago, but it rose smartly. Then last month the brokerage firm of Dean Witter Reynolds began to recommend it. That helped lift the shares to 22 before the brokerage house learned that it could not legally solicit sales in some states. With that, Dean Witter brokers stopped pushing Millicom, and the stock dropped. Millicom still managed to end 1982 at 15, up 728%. Last week Dean Witter announced that it would make up losses to customers who purchased the stock in the week after the recommendation.

STOCK MARKET STANDOUTS

Biggest gainers / Biggest losers	Year-end prices 1981	1982	% change
Over the counter			**+18.7**
Millicom *	1 13/16	15	+727.6
Exploration	1 15/16	1/16	−96.7
New York Stock Exchange			**+14.0**
Coleco	6⅞	36¾	+434.5
Pengo	16¾	3⅛	−81.3
American Stock Exchange			**+6.2**
SMD	1½	10⅜	+591.7
Monument	13⅜	1⅞	−86.5

*Among stocks selling for more than $1.50 at year-end '81

The big losers in all three markets were oil-drilling and oil-service stocks. The global glut that drove down crude prices also explains the comparatively meek rise in the Amex index: it is loaded with oil stocks. Its best stock last year, SMD Industries, makes picture frames and stationery. The shares rose by 592%, mostly on the strength of SMD's rights to make school supplies and stationery bearing the likenesses of two of the year's heroes: E.T. and Pac-Man.

Investors did not have to pick the winners all by themselves. Holders of shares in 257 of the 526 mutual funds ranked by Lipper Analytical Services beat the Dow in 1982. The best record (an 81% return) was turned in by Oppenheimer Target Fund, which was also No. 1 in 1981.

Investments in tangible items were far less rewarding than bets in the financial markets. Real estate prices failed to keep pace with the Consumer Price Index, which was only 4.6% higher in November than a year earlier. The median price of a single-family house went up less than 4%, from $65,900 to $68,200. An acre of Iowa farmland, reflecting the slump in agriculture, dropped from $2,147 to $1,801. Explained Robert Jolly, an Iowa State University assistant professor of economics: "The major buyers out there are other farmers." And many of them had trouble holding on to their own farms last year.

Prices of other inflation hedges were also trimmed. A flawless one-carat diamond fell from $26,500 to $19,500. Coins, stamps and Chinese ceramics declined in value. Interestingly, precious metals did not. By the end of the year, gold was selling for $448 per oz., up from $400, and silver had risen from $8.25 to $10.90. One explanation: fears among some investors that efforts to lift the world economy out of recession will set off a round of hyperinflation. —*By Janice Castro. Reported by Mary Earle/New York*

Filching Figures

Tapping the Fed's computer

On most Friday afternoons at 4:15, the Federal Reserve releases the money-supply figures from the previous week. In the past, that has set off a flurry of activity in financial centers around the world. Short-term interest rates often rise or fall on the basis of what the Fed reports, causing swings in the prices of bonds and often stocks. Anyone who could find out in advance what the figures would be might reap huge profits by buying or selling.

Such was the scheme of Theode C. Langevin, 34, a six-year employee of the Federal Reserve Board who moved to E.F. Hutton in mid-November. During his last 18 months at the Fed, Langevin, a $37,300-a-year economist, was given daily access to the central bank's computer by telephone. When Langevin left his Washington job, his access code was canceled, but he had arranged to learn the code number of an unwitting colleague. On his very first day at his approximately $60,000-a-year job at Hutton, Langevin punched the number into a push-button telephone and was immediately connected to the Fed's computer.

Only a day later, Langevin's ruse was discovered. His illegal tap had been recorded on a log maintained by the computer and printed out daily. A supervisor scanned the list and discovered that the Fed worker whose number Langevin had lifted was on vacation. As soon as that worker was cleared, the Fed set a trap. It created fictitious money-supply data and then rigged the computer telephone line with a tracing device. When Langevin made his next call, he was caught. Says a Fed official: "He walked into the henhouse to steal some chickens, and the gate closed behind him."

Officials at E.F. Hutton had been informed of the investigation by the FBI before Langevin's last call and fired him shortly thereafter. They said they did not get any information from him or benefit in any way. Langevin blamed his action on a "personal situation" that he refused to identify. He told TIME: "I made a bad mistake. It may ruin my career. It was the first time I ever did anything like this." He faces a fine of up to $1,000 and a jail term as long as five years.

The Fed's computer has been compromised once before. In 1975 an employee gave *Consumer Reports* a printout of bank interest charges, which the magazine subsequently printed. Ironically, Langevin stood little chance of profiting from his purloined data. Since last October, the Fed has been giving much less weight to the money supply in formulating policy. When Langevin was performing his electronic theft, the information was worth less than at any time in the past three years. ■

Dividends

Horses: Gift or Trojan?

In the eyes of some, Japanese automakers will stop at nothing in their efforts to win a larger share of the U.S. market. So when Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., donated 25 trucks to the County of Los Angeles as the first step in a nationwide program of gifts to nonprofit organizations to mark the company's 25th year, it provoked some unusual reactions. While no one wanted to appear to be giving aid and comfort to the archenemy of U.S. automakers by thanking the Japanese profusely, no one wanted to be accused of turning down 25 free trucks for the county, either.

Los Angeles County Supervisor Kenneth Hahn called the gift "generous," but took pains to add, "In no way does this mean that the agonies and frustrations of unemployed American autoworkers have gone away." A local labor union official complained that Toyota's gift "is another way that foreign companies, with their propaganda, are influencing the American people." He observed, however, that creative charity of this kind was "something the American industry neglected to do."

For its part, Toyota noted that the vehicles were donated in the same spirit in which the company made cash donations of at least $2 million to a variety of organizations during the past five years, including $1 million to the U.S. Olympic Committee in 1978. A Toyota spokesman, who estimated the value of the trucks at $280,000, commented ingenuously, "I think we generate a lot of community good will."

Magnificent Obsession

British Impresario Eric Douglas Morley is the man who launched commercial bingo in Great Britain and inaugurated a television program in 1949 called *Come Dancing* that has been broadcast by the BBC ever since. Few things are as close to Morley's heart, however, as the Miss World beauty contest, which he founded in 1951. He established it as a racier international version of the Miss America pageant and served as the announcer and chairman of the beauty judges.

In 1979 Morley bought one-third of the contest for about $300,000. The following year, he bought the remaining two-thirds for a Scottish brewery he was then running. When the brewery ran into money problems last year, it decided to sell its interest. Who should step forward to buy it but Eric Douglas Morley, this time for himself. Since the show was first broadcast on commercial television three years ago, TV rights have been sold in 40 countries, and Miss World has blossomed into a moneymaker. Last year it netted about $360,000 and is now worth twice as much as it was in 1979. That means Morley will have to come up with $1.2 million to get full ownership of his creation.

Briefing Before Breakfast

For the busy executive who gets out of bed at an early hour and wants to watch something meatier than *Good Morning America*, now comes *Business Times*, a two-hour newscast that will debut March 1. Unlike most TV news shows, this one will be entirely staffed by journalists who specialize in business news, including some of the best in the field, and will be broadcast from a set that is supposed to duplicate the atmosphere of a Wall Street trading room. "Our emphasis will be on credibility and content," says James C. Crimmins, 48, the TV producer who created the program. "Our format will be business insiders talking to insiders." Sample segments: corporate strategy, high technology, currency hotline.

Business Times, which will be televised live at 6 a.m. and repeated at 7 a.m., is aimed at such early-rising businessmen as commuters and traveling executives. Crimmins hopes they will turn on their TV just as they would a radio while they get ready for work. The show will be carried on ESPN, the 24-hour cable sports network that now reaches 23 million homes. To keep some of its nonexecutive viewers happy, the program will also include a sports segment.

Chicago's Archbishop Joseph Bernardin

Poland's Primate Józef Glemp

Red Hats for Six Continents

With some surprises, the Pope names 18 new Cardinals

Joseph Bernardin, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Chicago, was visiting his 77-year-old mother at a home for the aged run by the Little Sisters of the Poor when the news was announced. "Have you heard?" he asked. "Yes," replied his mother, "you're a Cardinal. I love you very much. Do good, darling." Bernardin promised he would try

Bernardin is the only American among the 18 clerics who will be elevated to the Sacred College of Cardinals by Pope John Paul II at a special consistory on Feb. 2. Although the Archdiocese of Chicago is traditionally headed by a Cardinal, Bernardin was not awarded a red hat until four months after he succeeded the late John Patrick Cardinal Cody. The appointment firmly establishes Bernardin, at 54, as a leader of the U.S. hierarchy, which is becoming more outspoken on social, if not doctrinal, issues. To some Vatican observers, the Pope's honoring of Bernardin so soon after he was named head of the nation's largest archdiocese was also a sign that John Paul approved of the criticism of U.S. nuclear arms policy by a panel led by Bernardin; the panel's draft of a pastoral letter is scheduled for final approval by the U.S. bishops' conference in May

The most striking political aspect of the Pope's choices is that five of them live under Marxist regimes. Bishop Julijans Vaivods, 87, who has been acting head of the Archdiocese of Riga, is the first Latvian and the first resident of the Soviet Union ever to be made a Cardinal. Józef Glemp, 54, who succeeded Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski as Poland's Primate, was also elevated, a move that could strengthen his hand in delicate dealings with the Communist regime

John Paul showed his support for the war-weary Christians of Lebanon by giving them a Cardinal, Antoine Pierre Khoraiche, 75, Patriarch of the Maronite Rite. Thailand and the Ivory Coast got their first Cardinals, and Oceania was represented by New Zealand's Thomas Stafford Williams. If the Pope chose a progressive archbishop in Bernardin, he also picked a conservative: Alfonso López Trujillo, 47, of Medellín, Colombia, is president of the bishops' conference in Latin America and an outspoken foe of priests who have become active in leftist politics.

Jean-Marie Lustiger, 56, who was appointed Archbishop of Paris by John Paul in 1981, is the first Jewish convert to join the College of Cardinals in modern times The other French appointee to the college is not a bishop but a Jesuit priest: Theologian Henri de Lubac, 86, who was suspended from teaching under Pope Pius XII because of his then radical views on such subjects as other religions and atheism but who emerged as an influential force at the Second Vatican Council. Italian Jesuit Carlo Maria Martini, a brilliant Bible scholar named Archbishop of Milan in 1980, is now, at age 55, *papabile*, considered to be a candidate for Pope some day

The omissions from the Pope's list were equally interesting. As chief administrator of the Vatican City, Archbishop Paul Marcinkus, 60, would have been an almost automatic choice. The Pope, however, is waiting for the results of a joint Vatican-Italian investigation of scandals involving the Institute for Religious Works (the Vatican bank), headed by the Chicago-born American. John Paul also passed over several leading U.S. archbishops. But with his urge to internationalize the college and his intention to keep the number of Cardinals eligible to vote for a Pope at 120, John Paul decided that several prospects must wait for the honor. ■

Jobs and Morals

Hot debate in Canada

While the U.S. Roman Catholic bishops are refining their critique of the Reagan Administration's nuclear arms strategy, their colleagues in Canada have stirred up a nationwide controversy on economics. Businessmen are howling, labor leaders cheering and politicians buzzing over a statement issued last week by the bishops' commission for social affairs charging that the economic slump is producing "a deepening moral crisis." Canada's government should reverse field, the paper says, targeting unemployment rather than inflation as the major economic problem to be solved

The seven-page document is officially the product of only the eight bishops on the commission, but it was approved by the hierarchy's four-member executive committee, and has been getting widespread backing from other bishops, though Emmett Cardinal Carter, the Archbishop of Toronto, says it is "risky" for the church to get into specifics on economics

Bishop Remi De Roo of Victoria, B.C., the commission chairman, has been happily astonished by the strong reaction, since the bishops' conference has been saying much the same with little effect since the 1970s. "Events have shaken the complacency of people," he said. Canada's current unemployment rate is 12.8%

The bishops' paper is a direct attack on the pro-investment policies of Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau, a Catholic. Trudeau has argued that Canada must stress profits, wage restraints, investment and productivity. Challenging those priorities, the commission condemns "the renewed emphasis on the 'survival of the fittest' as the supreme law of economics" and asks for controls on profits, soak-the-rich taxation, a bigger role for labor unions and government programs to create jobs

Bishop De Roo

"We want people who presently are powerless in society to become participants rather than statistics who are told what to expect from the mandarins and the corporate executives," said De Roo. Trudeau, traveling in Thailand last week, was unimpressed by the bishops' statement: "I don't think their economics are very good."

The debate in Canada may be echoed south of the border. After the American bishops complete their nuclear arms decree this spring, they plan to carry on with a pastoral letter about economic problems; it is likely to contain an implicit attack on Reaganomics. ■

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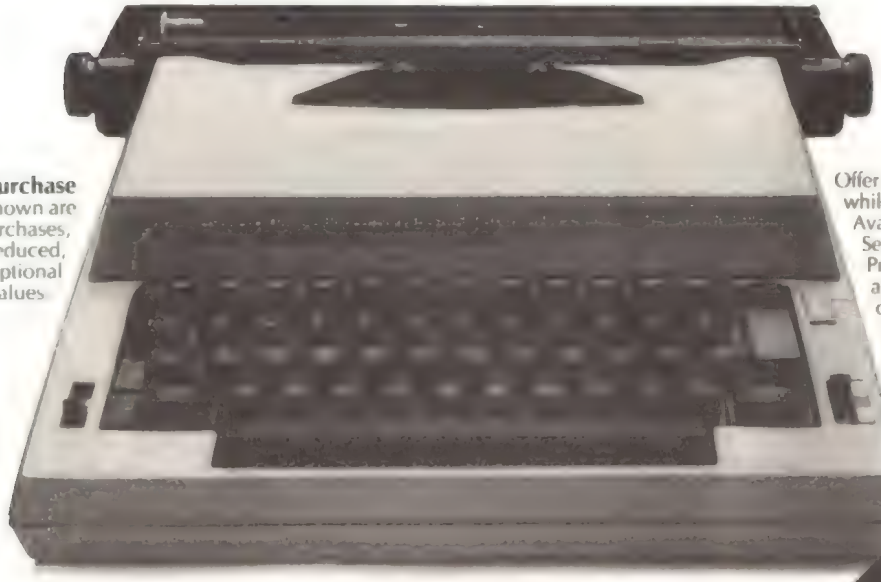

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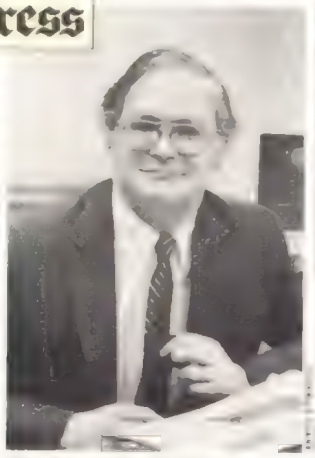
Bitter Showdown in Motown

Detroit's two dailies are locked in a struggle for survival

At the counter of the Anchor Bar, a shadowy grease pit midway between the offices of the Detroit *News* and the rival *Free Press*, where journalists mingle in the legendary camaraderie of the trade, a *Free Press* employee looks up at rows of photographs of Motor City reporters, lawmen and politicians and says, "I think you have to be dead to be up there." That is certainly true of one picture: it shows a building that once housed the Detroit *Times*, a Hearst daily that shut down in 1960 and threw the city's two surviving papers into a decades-long, unresolved and unfriendly battle for dominance.

The newspaper war in Detroit may be the nation's hardest fought, and it is almost certainly the costliest. Detroit is the nation's fifth largest metropolitan area (pop. 4.4 million); its *News* and *Free Press* are the ninth and tenth largest U.S. dailies. The owners of the morning *Free Press* (circ. 632,000) acknowledge that the paper lost $9 million last year. They assert that the all-day competitor, the *News* (circ. 643,000), lost twice that much in 1982, even though it has a solid 60%-to-40% lead in advertising linage, largely because the *News* offers discounted ad and circulation rates. *News* executives decline to comment. Losses have accelerated during the recession and the deep slump in the auto industry, which have subjected Michigan to an unemployment rate of 17.6%, the nation's highest.

Detroit Free Press



Free Press Editor David Lawrence

News Editor William Giles

Though they live a block apart, the top newsmen are hardly friends

The Detroit News

Both papers believe that they are locked in a struggle for nothing less than survival. Moreover, says *Free Press* Executive Editor David Lawrence, 40, "the victor would be highly profitable." As a result, the *News* and the *Free Press* raid each other's staffs, scoff at or steal each other's stories, even copy each other's promotional gimmicks. When the *Free Press* started handing out copies to breakfasters at McDonald's, the *News* arranged a giveaway deal with Burger Chef.

Executives of the two papers display little of the courteous approval that journalists typically accord competitors. *News* Editor William Giles, 55, calls the featurish *Free Press* "superficial, flighty and frilly." Lawrence says that Giles' paper, which earnestly stresses hard news, is "dull, bland and less complete than the *Free Press*." Giles and Lawrence live just a block away from each other in suburban Grosse Pointe Park, but as Lawrence dryly observes, "We have certainly not had the opportunity to become close friends."

The *Free Press* is owned by Miami-based Knight-Ridder Newspapers Inc. (1981 revenues: $1.2 billion), the nation's second largest newspaper chain, after the Gannett Co. Renowned for its liberal spending on both technology and editorial product, Knight-Ridder this year will finance additional *Free Press* zoned editions, with extra local news for western Detroit and its near suburbs, now the core of *News* readership. *Free Press* Editor Lawrence says that Knight-Ridder has the will and the cash reserves to wait out any number of losing years. Says he: "If only one paper survives, it has got to be the *Free Press*." The *News* is a local David flung up against Knight-Ridder's absentee Goliath. Founded in 1873 by James E. Scripps, the paper now provides about half the revenues of the Evening News Association, a private company for Scripps heirs that also owns newspapers and broadcast properties in the Sunbelt, Washington, D.C., and New Jersey. Contends Editor Giles: "The family is committed here."

Thus far, the *News* has not blinked at costly efforts to hold on to its slim, 10,500-paper lead: it sells for just 15¢ on weekdays, *vs.* 20¢ for the *Free Press*, and it delivers some 250,000 copies a day at discounted prices, *vs.* about 63,000 discounted papers for the *Free Press*. In 1981 the *News* built a $12 million printing plant in Lansing, 84 miles from Detroit, to compete for distant readers with the *Free Press*, which now outsells the *News* in 79 of Michigan's 83 counties.

Editorially, the papers differ sharply. Last Friday, for example, the lively *Free Press* gave front-page play to the discovery of a black hole in space and to a resettlement plan for blacks in Zimbabwe on the land of a white former rancher. The sober *News* opted instead to feature an economic analysis from Washington and an auto show in Detroit. The *Free Press* is stronger on foreign news and life-styles, thanks in part to the Knight-Ridder News Service, while the *News* copiously covers the city and state. Both papers have won recent Pulitzer prizes: the *News* in 1982 for an exposé of alleged brutality in the Navy, the *Free Press* in 1981 for a photographic essay on prison conditions.

Sometimes the competition seems merely peevish. When the *News* inadvertently distributed a few hundred copies of an edition that erroneously reported a launching of the *Columbia* space shuttle, whose flight had been delayed, the *Free Press* gave the error derisive front-page play. When *Free Press* Senior Managing Editor Neal Shine became host of a local public TV show, *Detroit Week in Review*, Giles forbade *News* reporters to appear as panelists. Giles has not forgiven the *Free Press* for suggesting, in a 1980 editorial, that a *News* probe of alleged corruption among black municipal judges was sloppily reported and racially motivated.

Both papers are wooing reporting talent with salaries exceeding $40,000 a year. Boasts Giles: "My editorial budget is $14 million, and I can use it to buy people." Last year, however, the *Free Press* snared four *News* employees, including Reporter David Ashenfelter, who was pivotal in winning the *News* its Pulitzer award. After Ashenfelter jumped, someone sent *Free Press* Editor Lawrence an elaborate, expensive cactus arrangement and an anonymous note that read, "Thanks for taking more of our dead wood."

Despite their windfalls, many reporters fear a day of reckoning. Says *Free Press* Columnist Judy Diebolt: "I worry a lot that one paper may not survive, and that it may be mine." Indeed, in Lawrence's office is a display of delivery boxes of the defunct Washington *Star* and the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, with the inscription LEST WE FORGET. There is space for a third mailbox, notes *Free Press* Executive Shine. "And it is not for the Cleveland *Press*."

—*By William A. Henry III.*
Reported by Paul A. Witteman/Detroit

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

Cutting Down to Size

In his new autobiography, Laurence Olivier remarks that bitchiness can be a "journalist's handiest tool." Perhaps Lord Olivier was thinking mostly of Britain, where the gift for malice, and the appetite for it, is higher than here. An English playwright, Arnold Wesker, once wrote *The Journalists*, a drama about "the poisonous human need to cut better men down to our size . . . The lilliputian journalist resents the interviewee's fame, influence or achievement." That too may be more true in Britain.

In the U.S., however, there is the interview known as a hatchet job: a familiar hazard in show business that was extended in the 1960s to politics by the New Journalists. Among its techniques are posing embarrassing questions either to get an offguard answer or, failing that, to describe the subject's evasive tics and mannerisms. Hatchet jobs survive, among other places, in the Style section of the Washington *Post*, whose good cultural coverage and criticism are burdened by a relentless ambition to be with-it and clever. (In its year-end listing of what is In and Out, the *Post* proclaims 1983 as the year "when it is really Out to be In," which rendered pointless the whole silly exercise.)

The anatomy of a *Post* hatchet job can be studied profitably in the paper's recent treatment of Willie Morris, who as editor of *Harper's* magazine in the 1960s had invited in the New Journalists. To make a target worthy of demolition, first praise him. Reporter James Conaway speaks of Morris' "extraordinary autobiography, *North Toward Home*," and of his editorship that "many people think was *Harper's* finest time." But that was years ago; Conaway now finds Morris living in Oxford, Miss., the home town of William Faulkner. At 48, Morris is "drinking bourbon by the fire" in the house of Faulkner's niece. He has, Conaway observes, "grown broad of beam," sitting there with his dog Pete, "a black Lab with the canine equivalent of a beer belly." Conaway sketches in the intervening years: at *Harper's*, "his stewardship foundered in 1971," so Morris went off "to dwell on the cusp of his own notoriety." His books since are quickly disposed of: one is "a disappointment to his admirers"; another a critic had called "derivative drivel"; a third "did nothing to enhance Morris' reputation."

ALEX MACWEENEY

Mississippi's Willie Morris

But Faulkner's niece Dean Wells and her husband Larry admire Willie Morris. Morris had wanted to come back to Mississippi, no longer felt at home in his native Yazoo City, Miss., and wanted to teach at Ole Miss. It was Larry Wells who made this possible, rounding up extra money from businessmen around the state so that the university's English department could afford to take on Morris as writer-in-residence. He had even wheedled $5,000 out of the Ole Miss journalism department.

Morris sips his bourbon (as we are told again) and talks of the book he is about to write. Being gregarious where Faulkner was aloof, Conaway writes, "Morris quickly established himself as a presence in Oxford." He "auditioned the bartenders around town" and picked his favorite. His classes were bizarre but popular. They are no longer sponsored by the English department, though its head says, "The publicity he has brought the university could not be purchased at any price." Some on the faculty thought him a prima donna. Morris counters: "They hate writers." The director of the journalism department, a friend, calls Morris "a major asset. He draws famous people to conferences."

Morris is going on sabbatical to write his book, which in alternate chapters will contrast the Southern experiences of himself, "a middle-aging man, and a 19-year-old black athlete," Marcus Dupree, a University of Oklahoma football star who comes from Mississippi. Morris "invites a reporter to have a final drink at the Holiday Inn" with waiting friends, who have a head start. The bar is noisy with football on a 6-ft. video screen, but then comes a pause. "Morris turns to the reporter and says, 'I'm talking to my friends, and you're taking notes . . . I'm just a writer. I'm trying to write a book, and I'm scared.' " A local insurance man "invites the reporter to step into the back room. 'I'm 'a do you a favor,' he says. 'Willie's not himself tonight, he don't feel like talking.' " The article's final paragraph is "Morris does not look up as the reporter leaves."

It was as if Morris had let the reporter down, this reporter who gives the impression of having come to ingratiate and had stayed to harpoon. The real question is why a paper like the Washington *Post* should publish across two pages, seven full columns in all, a long and wounding hatchet job. Ben Bradlee, executive editor of the *Post*, says, "I thought it was an incisive, good piece."

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Cosmos 1402 Is Out of Control

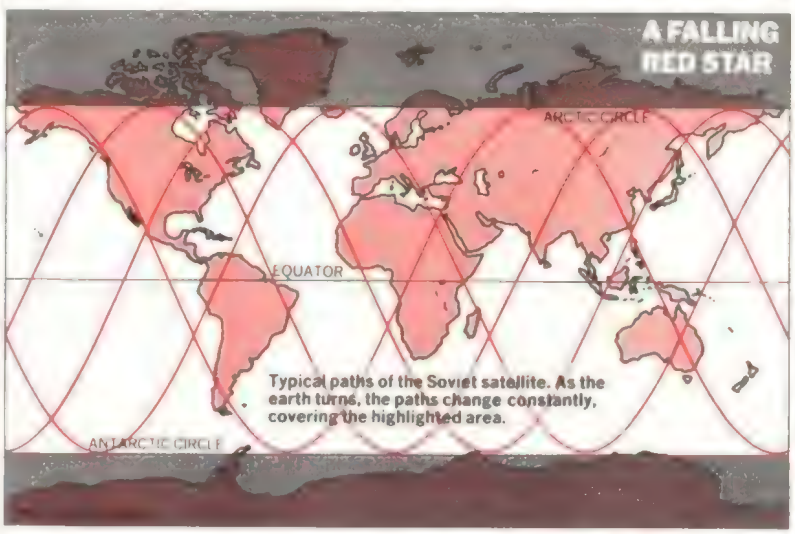
Soviet spy satellite threatens to leave a trail of radioactive debris

While the rest of the world anxiously watched and waited, the Soviets struggled last week to keep one of their spy satellites from plunging prematurely and dangerously back to earth. The high drama was reminiscent of NASA's unsuccessful attempt to control the fall of Skylab four years ago, when fragments of the unmanned U.S. space station harmlessly hit the Australian outback. But the problem with the Soviet satellite had a particularly frightening element. Aboard the faltering Red star was some lethal cargo: a miniature nuclear power plant that could spray deadly radioactive material over a wide swath of the earth.

The object of the international concern was a spacecraft innocuously dubbed Cosmos 1402. Launched last August, it is a five-ton bundle of electronics, including a powerful radar used by the Soviets to track U.S. naval vessels. In 1978 a similar satellite, Cosmos 954, scattered radioactive fragments over Canada's Northwest Territories. Though no one was killed or injured, the embarrassed Soviets paid Canada $3 million to help defray the cost of the difficult cleanup.

Initially, Soviet officials brushed off Western concern about the satellite. But as evidence accumulated from tracking stations that Cosmos 1402 was falling, Moscow finally admitted that the satellite was in trouble. Although it insisted that the reactor, containing 100 lbs. of nuclear fuel, would burn up in the atmosphere, U.S. officials said that some radioactive debris would reach the ground. As a precaution, they mobilized special teams to gather the "hot" material. Meanwhile, Soviet ground controllers were radioing a flood of signals to the errant craft, which is tumbling wildly through space at an altitude of about 150 miles, in an effort to control it. Unless they succeed, Pentagon sources said, Cosmos 1402 will make a fiery, meteor-like re-entry into the atmosphere before month's end, possibly around Jan. 24.

Because of the highly inclined plane of the satellite's orbit (about 65° to the equator), Cosmos 1402 could crash almost anywhere, from as far north as Greenland to the southernmost tip of South America. That orbital path precluded any rescue attempt by the new U.S. space shuttle *Challenger;* even if it could be launched in time, it would be unable to achieve so tilted an orbit. As to just when Cosmos 1402 might strike, one U.S. intelligence officer said: "We'll be able to make some hard calculations about the time and place of landing when the satellite's period [the time it takes to make a complete swing around the earth] degrades to 87.4 minutes." Last week Cosmos 1402 was circling once every 89.3 minutes.



Typical paths of the Soviet satellite. As the earth turns, the paths change constantly, covering the highlighted area.

The Soviets have been launching ocean-surveillance satellites at the rate of two or more a year. Their radars and other sensors are not run by electricity from solar panels or chemical fuel cells, the power sources used by American spy satellites like the Air Force's Big Bird. Instead, the Soviet satellites rely on a type of small, portable nuclear reactor called Topaz (after the gemstone), which uses as its fuel enriched uranium 235, the same highly radioactive material "burned" by nuclear power plants on the ground.

During the international storm that followed the crash of Cosmos 954, the Soviets briefly stopped launching nuclear-powered spy satellites, but flights resumed in 1980. Moscow insists that the reactors do not violate any treaty. The U.S. has not pressed the issue. For one thing, the Defense Department is itself considering using reactors to power laser and particle-beam weapons that may eventually be deployed in space. Also, NASA has already sent nuclear power packs to the moon and uses them regularly on robot spacecraft to the outer planets, like the Voyager missions to Jupiter, Saturn and beyond. (Reason: sunlight is too weak to be tapped as an energy source.)

To American space scientists, the real problem is not that the Soviets are sending reactors into space. As Jerry Grey, spokesman for the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics, points out, it is that they are doing it "so damned stupidly"—operating the nuclear-powered satellites at such low altitudes that they easily become vulnerable to premature return. (If an object is launched high enough to avoid the upper atmosphere's braking effects, it can orbit indefinitely, like the moon.) At times, in order to do closeup snooping, the Soviets let their satellites descend to as low as 100 miles, then boost them up with onboard rockets to prevent any further orbital "decay."

But there are limits to the sorties a satellite can make; usually it will exhaust its rocket fuel after six or seven months. When that happens, the Soviet controllers radio commands that explode the satellite into nuclear and nonnuclear components. The nonnuclear parts are allowed to sink back into the atmosphere, where most of the metal burns up in the frictional heat of re-entry. The reactor is lifted with one last spurt of rocket fuel to an altitude of 500 to 600 miles, where it can drift safely for hundreds of years.

By late last month it became clear to the North American Aerospace Defense Command, whose cameras, radars and computers keep track of the more than 5,000 objects now in orbit, that Cosmos 1402 was not following this scenario. When it broke into three pieces on Dec. 28, all languished in the same orbit, perhaps because of a booster failure. With each swing around the earth, the nuclear reactor's orbit shrank a little more. Some U.S. officials speculate that the Soviets might be able to destroy the reactor with a remaining explosive charge, or even a burst from one of their killer satellites, a risky procedure that would leave a sinking radioactive cloud in orbit. Or they might have enough maneuvering fuel left to steer the lethal package into the sea. At week's end the fate of Cosmos 1402, as well as of the people in its path, was still very much up in the air. —***By Frederic Golden. Reported by Jerry Hannifin/Washington***

A New Furor Over Pedophilia

Authorities assail the special pleading of an adult-child sex lobby

For parents watching excerpts from the press conference on television, it was yet another appalling development on the sexual front: a group devoted to child molester's lib. Before a battery of openly derisive reporters, a spokesman for the North American Man-Boy Love Association (NAMBLA) argued for the right to have sex with underaged youngsters and accused the FBI and police of conducting a "witch hunt" against the organization.

Founded four years ago in Boston by a group of pedophiles, NAMBLA is now under investigation in four states. On Dec. 3, police raided a cottage in Wareham, Mass., and arrested two NAMBLA members. Two runaways, both 16, were found in the cottage, along with 200 lbs. of man-boy pornography. The FBI joined the case when one of the pictures appeared to be of Etan Patz, a six-year-old boy who vanished from the streets of Manhattan's SoHo district on his way to school in 1979.

At its press conference, NAMBLA showed that the picture was from a 1968 kiddie pinup calendar and could not have been Patz. But on Dec. 30, Charles Dyson, a 13-year-old missing for a month from his Highlands, N.J., home, was found at the Port Authority Bus Terminal in Manhattan. Early the next day, authorities raided a house in Greensboro, Vt., arresting two men, one of whom was Hugh Hammill, 22. He and Harold Baker, a 17-year-old picked up previously at the Wareham cottage, have been charged with Dyson's kidnaping.

Authorities conceded that it is unclear whether NAMBLA is directly involved in any crimes. Officially, the organization, with an estimated membership of 500, is a lobbying group. According to one spokesman, Bill Andriette, NAMBLA is "political and educational," with a "libertarian, humanistic outlook on sexuality," arguing that adult society has no right to limit a child's selection of a sexual partner. The pedophilic René Guyon Society of Los Angeles is more strident: its crude motto is "Sex by eight or else it's too late." The British Pedophile Information Exchange (P.I.E.) wants the age of consent dropped as low as four.

Though parents think of such pedophiles as dirty old men skulking around playgrounds, a surprising number are otherwise respectable and well-to-do. Among the alleged NAMBLA members arrested in a 1981 Long Island case were a New York City neurologist, an Ohio politician and a California physicist. Last summer four men, including two believed to be members of NAMBLA, were picked up on various child-sex charges in New Jersey: they were a computer salesman, a department-store manager, a bank official and a male nurse. The only characteristic pedophiles seem to share is a need to dominate, according to Roland Summit, head psychiatrist at Harbor–U.C.L.A. Medical Center and a specialist in the treatment of abused minors: "They go after children because that provides the greatest differential in power. They need a great deal of reassurance of their own power."

Clinical Psychologist A. Nicholas Groth, director of the sex-offender program of the Connecticut Correctional Institution at Somers, reports that 80% of the pedophiles he treats were themselves sexually victimized as youngsters. Summit agrees that most pedophiles seem to have been molested. "It's hard to be certain, because they like to idealize what happened to them. They don't want to feel they have been damaged. And they need to believe that what they are doing is perfectly normal."

Many pedophiles are married, bisexual, or both, and often gravitate to jobs in child care as teachers, Scout leaders and Y.M.C.A. personnel. "Wherever children go, that's where pedophiles go," says Detective Ralph Bennett, head of the Los Angeles police department's unit on children's sexual exploitation.

Locations for contact are obvious: bus stations, amusement arcades and schoolyards. Customarily, the adult, after making friends, begins testing responses to see whether the child will retreat or go along with a conspiratorial relationship. Abduction and violence are rare. Usually the pedophile adopts a fatherly, protective pose, offering affection, gifts, trips to movies or ball games. The seduction is frequently played out over a period of weeks or months. Though some of the children involved are streetwise and conniving, most are lonely innocents, often from poor or troubled families. "Children eight to twelve who feel they have no allies are in a high-risk group," says Groth. Once hooked, the child is often posed for pornographic pictures and asked to recruit other children. "There are thousands of children who feel used and discarded," says Summit. "They were overpowered and robbed of their childhood. They trusted someone, and that trust was violated."

To hear many pedophiles tell it, they are actually protecting the child by isolating him in a warm, romantic setting, where he gets the love that parents and peers refuse to give. That rationalization has taken in some sexologists, who play down the risk of damage to the child or blame it on the outraged reaction of parents. Those who work with the victims feel very differently. "Not every child who goes through this is traumatized for life," said Groth last week at a California conference on sexual abuse of children. "We hope we can help get them through without damage. But if even only a few children are damaged, why should we play Russian roulette?"

As the emergence of NAMBLA shows, pedophiles have learned to package their desires in the language of free sexual expression and the children's rights movement. But no matter how sanitized, it is still the systematic exploitation of the weak and immature by the powerful and disturbed. Every state has laws protecting its children from sexual abuse. Despite the pedophiles' belief that almost any sexual taste can be rendered respectable, no society interested in its own preservation can allow such conduct. —*By John Leo.*

Reported by Dianna Waggoner/Los Angeles and John E. Yang/Boston

Police escort Charles Dyson, 13, from a New York City bus terminal

The systematic exploitation of the weak and immature by the powerful and disturbed.

NATIONAL NEWS

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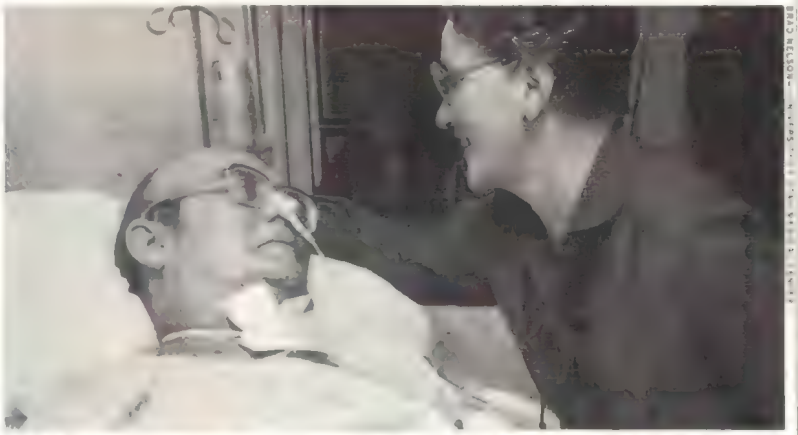
Five Million Beats and Counting

After a month, Clark and his new heart are making progress

Surgeon William DeVries was working in his office at the University of Utah Medical Center last week when he heard a faint but familiar swooshing sound. He looked up from his desk and was happily surprised to see his most famous patient, Dentist Barney Clark, roll into the room in a wheelchair. With a little assistance from his nurses, the world's first recipient of a permanent artificial heart was enjoying an afternoon outing in the hospital corridors. A few feet behind Clark, and connected to his chest by two tubes, was the source of the noise: the power unit that has kept him alive for more than a month.

The artificial heart was working well last week, having beaten, or clicked, more than 5 million times. Part of the device had to be replaced when a valve broke



With a life-sustaining tube curving toward his heart, Clark is comforted by Wife Una Loy

An occasional trip down the hospital corridor, but lingering periods of confusion.

Although he is still listed in serious condition and has some lung and kidney problems, Clark is improving daily, according to the hospital. He has been moved from isolation to an intensive care unit, which he shares with other patients. Clark is frequently visited by his wife Una Loy, who lives in a private suite three floors away.

Clark's day begins at 8 a.m. when a nurse awakens him for a sponge bath and a series of tests. At least once every eight hours his blood chemistry, cardiac output and other vital signs are checked. After a morning visit from his doctors, Clark rests briefly and then is helped into an overstuffed recliner chair, where he sits until 5 or 6 p.m. His frequent catnaps are interrupted by two 20-minute sessions of exercises to strengthen his muscles and improve his circulation.

Clark's mental progress, however, has not kept pace with his physical recovery. Though often able to converse with family members and doctors, Clark suffers frequent bouts of confusion. One hospital staff member reports that the patient sometimes thinks that he is still a dentist back in Seattle. Though tests have not detected any brain damage, Clark's confusion probably stems from seizures he suffered one week after the implantation of his artificial heart. Utah doctors have conceded that there may have been an imbalance in the supply of fluids and salts that Clark received. A proper balance is necessary to maintain normal brain function.

two weeks after Clark's original surgery, but Dr. Robert Jarvik, the heart's designer, insists: "That was just bad luck." There is, however, some discussion by the Utah heart team about using a different kind of valve in future models.

Though two Salt Lake City families have offered the Clarks the use of their homes, "Dr. Clark is not nearly ready to go," says Hospital Spokesman John Dwan. The quality of the life he will lead at the end of a 375-lb. power unit remains a source of speculation and controversy, but at least one former critic has modified his views. "I must confess I am impressed with the results achieved so far in Salt Lake City," says Dr. Denton Cooley, the famed Houston heart surgeon. Cooley had earlier likened the bold use of the cumbersome device to "putting John Glenn in a rocket in 1950 and aiming him at the moon." Jarvik feels that his invention has already proved its worth: "We have been able to offer at least one patient who was terminally ill a reasonable level of hope for a good life." ■

How's the Weather up There?

On a reconstructed foot, Bill Walton is back in the game

"Pardon me, do you play basketball?"
"No, I clean giraffes' ears."

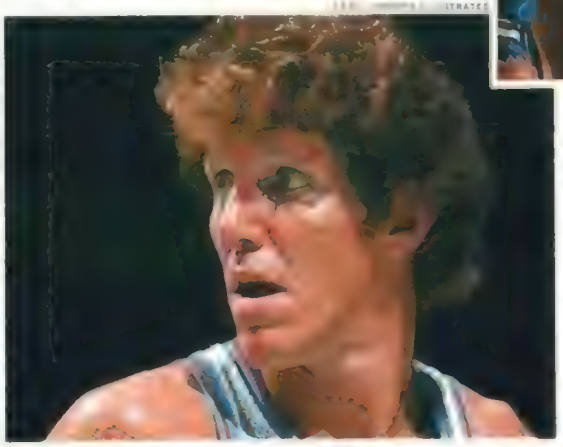
Bill Walton has grown up to be a happy if infirm basketball player of 6 ft. 11 in. "What's it like being 7 ft. tall?" asks the usual sightseer passing by, and Walton replies genially, "How should I know? I'm only 6-11." At 30, he has learned to look on the bright side.

His left foot, the one made of bone china, that left him out of virtually all of the past four seasons, has been rebuilt. "Just being able to walk around is great," Walton rejoices. "To go outside and throw a football with my kids [four sons], to hit a tennis ball. Then, to top it all off, to play in the N.B.A. again." He started back this season playing first once, and then twice weekly for the San Diego Clippers, who won only 17 of 82 National Basketball Association games last year and welcomed even part-time help. The rest of the time, Walton traveled north to study law at Stanford, inspired by the spectral array of lawsuits surrounding him. They include former San Diego Owner Irv Levin's claim that Walton and his doctors should have warned Levin of the congenital foot problem in 1979. Only in spirit was Walton the freest free agent, leader of the champion Portland Trail Blazers of 1976-77, the N.B.A.'s most valuable player of 1977-78, the vegetarian center from U.C.L.A. who gave the Establishment such pluperfect hell in the early '70s.

Easily the most complex, probably the most vulnerable, creatures in sports stand around 7 ft. tall. Whimsically, Wilt Chamberlain measured himself at 7 ft. 1 1/16 in., though he was probably taller. From 1959 to 1973, his incredible strength and gentleness were the two pivotal forces in professional basketball, and the second probably confounded Chamberlain as much as the Boston Celtics' Bill Russell ever did. Of Chamberlain's many records (a 50-point average one season, 100 points one game), the most remarkable and descriptive was that in 1,218 career games he never once fouled out. The basket was Chamberlain's secondary goal; the primary one was not to be an ogre. His enduring wisdom: "Nobody loves Goliath."

Last month, when 7-ft. 4-in. Ralph Sampson of Virginia and 7-ft. Pat Ewing of Georgetown locked planes and angles for the first time, Celtics General Manager Red Auerbach observed, "These young guys actually love being tall." He sounded amazed. "I love it now," says Walton. "It took me a while to get used to standing out in the crowd, looking awkward, feeling uncomfortable. But I've grown into it." He has grown out of other things, condemning the Government, for instance, and has even developed some affection for meat. "I've matured a lot." This is his soft explanation for many changes. "There are still things I don't understand, but with experience, you get more relaxed." Quickly he adds, "I'm still a concerned citizen." But his voice is gentler.

Walton and his wife Susan and their boys have a house near the zoo, within delighted earshot of trumpeting elephants. On the court, Walton always expressed a peaceful joy. At its best, pro basketball is a lovely game, but it cannot be played all-out as often as the games are scheduled.

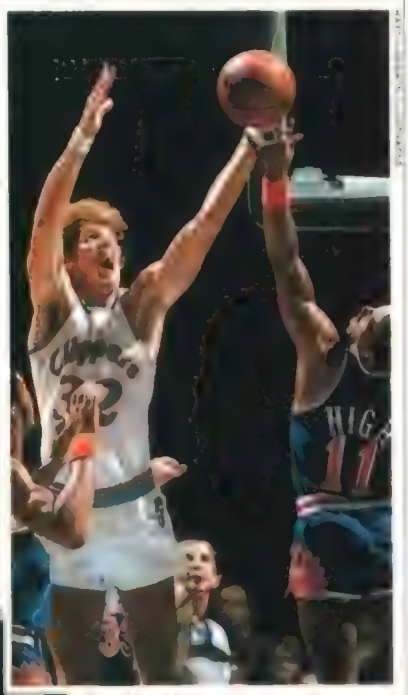


Looking for his old place under the net, Walton goes into action

"Basketball is the most beautiful game, and the most fun."

When Walton was at his best, he played it only all-out: a willowy orange-haired octopus with a delicate spiny-fingered touch and flowing style. "Basketball is the most beautiful game and the most fun," he says, "because everyone has to do everything. Players say they're happy with a win, but no one is really happy if it hasn't been a good style of a game. One guy can really have it going but be out of sync with the team and ruin it."

Walton's sunny San Diego childhood coincided with U.C.L.A. Coach John Wooden's great Los Angeles success, so Wooden's methods reached Walton long before Walton reached U.C.L.A. He already knew how to play. At 14, Walton had been a 6-1 guard; by 16, he was a 6-10 pivotman. In the N.B.A., where centers are apt to lope foul line to foul line, he ran base line to base line playing all the positions. "I love almost everything about the game," he says, "the life, the players, the crowds. Just being out there, the competition. I missed it."



Reaching high for a rebound

It has hardly returned to him in full, but he has made a promising start. This week Walton will interrupt his law classes, and he appears ready to return full time to his sport. Clippers Coach Paul Silas insisted, frankly. At first Silas was convinced that "Walton once a week was better than no Walton at all," but he has reconsidered. "In any group situation, you can't make exceptions forever," Silas said. The first eight games Walton dropped in on all were lost, but against Portland two weeks ago he gathered 25 points, eight rebounds, seven blocked shots and his first victory in nearly three years. Since then, he scored 30 in a loss. "I'm sort of feeling my way around, just happy to be running without pain, not pushing the tempo yet. It's going to take time, hard work and luck. But I have a good feeling."

His estimated $750,000 base salary is guaranteed. Though there are other financial benefits involved in his comeback, and probably legal ones too, they are not what Walton talks about. "Movement is freedom," he says. "I love motion and speed, the glow around you and your teammates when you're going down the court, feeling good, communicating without words or even signals, just looking at each other. It's fun. You fit." No one should ever have to ask how the weather is up there.

—*By Tom Callahan*

People

Among the great skyscrapers built in Manhattan during the 1920s and '30s, the 56-story Chanin Building has worn its years well—as has its creator and namesake, **Irwin Chanin,** 91. The architect is being honored by his old alma mater, New York's Cooper Union, in a retrospective. Chanin designed

Chanin in his bathroom heaven

eight Broadway theaters and two monumental apartment houses on Central Park West. Perhaps his most cherished work is his personal suite of art deco offices on the top floor of the Chanin Building. The bathroom alone, done in glass, mirror and gold plate over bronze, cost $15,000 when it was built in 1929. "After all these years," says Chanin, "the offices still inspire me to come into work every morning."

■

When a Manhattan publisher offered her six figures for yet another diet-fitness manual, **Christie Brinkley,** 27, leaped to a task she was long destined for. "I grew up on the beach in Malibu," says she. "It was literally my front yard." A sampling of Christie's tips for *Beauty and the Beach*, which Simon & Schuster hopes to bring out this spring: rub potatoes on the back (good for soothing a sunburn), cover the eyes with cucumbers (eliminates puffiness), and to prevent dry skin, apply alligator pears. In short, real women don't eat avocados, they wear 'em.

■

It was to have been the most compelling performance of her career, but **Elizabeth Taylor's** "mission of peace and understanding in the Middle East" closed out of town last week. In and out of hospitals since arriving in Israel a fortnight ago—first for a breathing problem, then following a minor car accident—the actress, surrounded by her courtiers, braved her way through early rounds of meetings with a professional élan that would have warmed the heart of Eleonora Duse or, for that matter, **Philip Habib.** Swathed in a neck brace and with bandaged leg and finger, Taylor, looking a bit like someone who had been wounded in the Lebanon fighting, persevered to keep her appointment with Israeli Prime Minister **Menachem Begin,** 69. Although Liz tried to keep her chins up, her woeful appearance seemed to win both the sympathy and the admiration of the Prime Minister.

Brinkley doing research for her new book, *Beauty and the Beach*

He barreled beautifully down Gstaad's ice-covered Horneggli-Schönried ski runs last week, but though the style was fearless, the conditions were fearful, and Spain's **King Juan Carlos,** 45, an expert skier, took a wild tumble that cracked his pelvis. Taken by stretcher to a hospital in the nearby Swiss town of Saanen, Juan Carlos was flown with his wife, **Queen Sofia,** to Madrid the next day aboard the royal DC-8. Ordered immobilized by his doctors for at least a month, the King will be fulfilling his duties from bed.

Obeying a court order to return kickback money he had accepted for lucrative state contracts while Governor of Maryland, former Vice President **Spiro T. Agnew,** 64, paid up last week. The check was made out to the state for $268,482 (the $142,500 he pocketed plus interest). Said the ex-Veep, now a foreign trade consultant, from his luxurious desert home in Rancho Mirage, Calif.: "This just doesn't seem to add up to the kind of justice the framers of the Constitution had in mind."

—By E. Graydon Carter

Taylor meeting with Begin during her ill-fated "peace mission"

Juan Carlos and Sofia in Gstaad before the fall

COVER STORY

Maestro of the Met

James Levine is the most powerful opera conductor in America

Oh! to be a conductor, to weld a hundred men into one singing giant, to build up the most gorgeous arabesques of sound, to wave a hand and make the clamoring strings sink to a mutter, to wave again, and hear the brass crashing out in triumph, to throw up a finger, then another and another, and to know that with every one the orchestra would bound forward into a still more ecstatic surge and sweep, to fling oneself forward, and for a moment or so keep everything still, frozen, in the hollow of one's hand, and then to set them all singing and soaring in one final sweep, with the cymbals clashing at every flicker of one's eyelid, to sound the grand Amen.

—J.B. Priestley

The burly figure standing calmly on the podium of a darkened opera house pit bears little resemblance to the conventionally glamorous image of a famous conductor. At 205 lbs. and standing less than 5 ft. 10 in., he is built more like a stagehand than an aristocratic maestro, and his round face, capped by a corona of curly hair, is a world away from the suave image of a Leonard Bernstein. Yet as his baton comes slashing down with swift, chopping strokes, he is abruptly transformed into a figure of grace. Cuing the orchestra, effortlessly guiding singers through an opera's trickiest passages, joyfully but inaudibly singing along, he has become Priestley's ideal personified. And why not? James Levine, 39, is doing what he was born to do.

Not since Bernstein has an American-born, American-trained conductor had such an astonishing career. As music director and principal conductor of New York City's Metropolitan Opera, one of the world's top opera companies, Levine wields an international influence. During the summers, when he is not working at the Met, he leads the Chicago Symphony as music director of the Ravinia Festival. He is in demand as a guest conductor, and such is his reputation that whenever a major vacancy in the conductorial ranks occurs, Levine's name (it rhymes with divine) is invariably mentioned as a possible successor. A talented pianist, he often finds time to squeeze a chamber concert or two between conducting appearances.

Nor is his activity limited to America. Since 1975, Levine has appeared regularly at the prestigious Salzburg Festival in Austria, leading widely acclaimed productions of Mozart's *The Magic Flute* and *La Clemenza di Tito* in the composer's home town. When Wolfgang Wagner, grandson of Richard, was seeking a conductor for last summer's centennial production of *Parsifal* at Bayreuth, Levine was his choice. "Jimmy's star is going up," says a member of the Chicago Symphony. "I don't think anything will interrupt the rise." Levine talks about his ascent to prominence with a characteristic mixture of pride and hyperbole. "Every year my life gets better," he says. "It's all sort of like a dream. It's so nice."

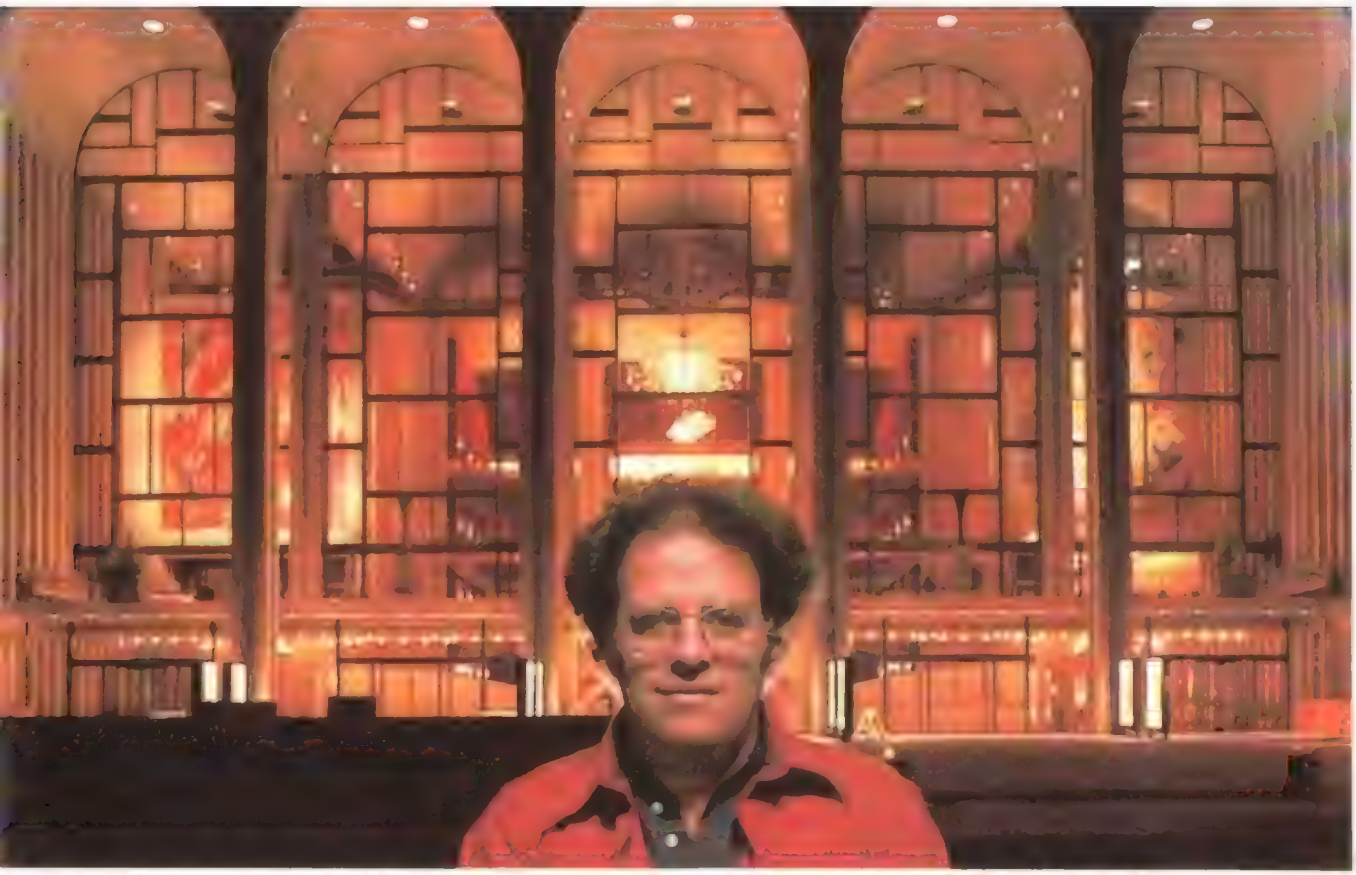
The dream, however, is no fantasy. Observes Soprano Renata Scotto, who frequently works with Levine at the Met: "The rapport he establishes is so wonderful, it is really a joy to make music with him." When Bernstein heard Levine lead his first *Parsifal* at the Met, in 1979, he broke into tears. "It was the best *Parsifal* I ever heard," he recalls.

Tales of Levine's musicianship and memory have become part of the classical repertory. One of Levine's first big breaks came in 1971, at the Ravinia music festival, when he was asked to lead a performance of Mahler's *"Resurrection" Symphony* on a week's notice. Edward Gordon, the festival's executive director, telephoned Levine to inquire how well he knew the music. "Will it make you feel any better," Levine responded, "if I say I will do both the rehearsals and the performance without a score?"

Tenor Luciano Pavarotti remembers the first *La Bohème* he and Levine performed together at the Met, in 1976: "He came out at the last minute, without time even for a rehearsal. It was wonderful, the most wonderful *Bohème* I ever did." When Marilyn Horne and Levine recorded Mahler's sprawling *Symphony No. 3* in 1975, the mezzo turned to the maestro at one point and asked him how he had found time to learn the difficult piece in the midst of his busy schedule. Recalls Horne: "He very seriously told me he had learned it when he was twelve years old."

That is not hard to believe, for significant musical talent usually is revealed early. Success can quickly follow: Herbert von Karajan led his first opera at 20, and

The Cincinnati Kid in rehearsal: "As long as I can remember, I have had a relationship to music that was so spontaneous, so natural and so all encompassing



In front of his domain at New York City's Lincoln Center: "I'm doing my damnedest 24 hours a day to make the Met as good as I can"

Bernstein's brilliant career was launched at 25. "As long as I can remember," says Levine, "I have had a relationship to music that was so spontaneous, so natural and so all encompassing that I can't remember life without it." Even when he is not actually conducting, rehearsing or playing the piano, Levine remains obsessed with music. Says he: "If I am walking in the woods, I am hearing music in my head; if I am in a boat, I may be going over scores in my mind. For me, music is like eating, breathing or sleeping."

In front of an orchestra, Levine assumes a commanding, but still affable mien. His standard rehearsal mufti is blue polo shirt, dark polyester slacks and tan desert boots. A large bath towel is inevitably draped over his left shoulder almost everywhere he goes, to wipe away sometimes profuse perspiration. Levine steps briskly upon the podium, throws open a score and sets to work. He is not an acrobat like Bernstein, or a near telepathist like Karajan; his movements are semaphoric but controlled. *Whoosh!* Both arms suddenly fly up, and the orchestra visibly tenses, anticipating the downbeat. *Slash!* The baton in his right hand cuts the air, hissing as it slices down. *Crash!* As one, the musicians enter with the opening chord. There is no flailing or thrashing, no wasted motion. "Jimmy is a real classical conductor," notes Raymond Gniewek, the Met's concertmaster, who has played violin in the orchestra for 26 seasons "Only the necessary movements are made, unlike the choreographers and the karate choppers."

When Levine stops, it is generally to correct errors, polish details or discuss fine points of interpretation. There is little philosophizing about music, something musicians hate. "You can make even a bigger deal out of that," he will say to a reticent oboist, encouraging him to play a phrase more grandly. "Bass drum, diminuendo, a little less all the way through," he will call out to an enthusiastic percussionist. Levine rarely raises his voice, preferring to maintain a relaxed but efficient atmosphere. "He's cool," says Trumpeter Melvyn Broiles. "I've never seen him flip out. He doesn't blow his top." Even at pressure-filled moments, such as the dress rehearsal of the Met's new production of Verdi's *Macbeth* recently, Levine maintains his equanimity. When backstage noise threatened to drown out the singers, he only briefly raised his voice: "Come on, people, we're trying to have a dress rehearsal here!" he shouted, continuing to conduct. The talking ceased

When things go well, Levine signals his pleasure with a warm, broad smile; in-

that I can't remember life without it. For me, music is like eating, breathing or sleeping"

Photographs for TIME by Ted Thai

With Tenor Luciano Pavarotti, Soprano Ileana Cotrubas and Soprano Hildegarde Behrens after a triumphant performance of Mozart's *Idomeneo*

deed, when conducting he communicates almost as much by facial expressions and eye contact as he does with his baton. He wants the musicians to watch him carefully, and he rarely lets them out of his sight. "He will often say to us, 'Give me some eyes, give me some eyes,' " says Gniewek. Singers get the same treatment. Says Baritone Sherrill Milnes: "If you are singing of love, you look down and his face is reading love." Yet Levine tries not to get so caught up in the music that he loses perspective. "Take the last page of *Bohème*," he says. "Many people cry. They are moved over and over again. As a conductor, I want to make sure that reaction happens. My tears only hurt my ability to make the audience cry."

A relaxed, reassuring attitude persists when Levine puts down his baton and attends to the details of running the Met in association with General Manager Anthony A. Bliss. This season, the Met will offer 210 performances of 23 operas during its 30-week season at New York City's Lincoln Center, as well as the 56 performances it presents while on tour in the spring. Notes Kurt Herbert Adler, who was general director of the San Francisco Opera for 28 years until his retirement a year ago: "There are two jobs in this country that are impossible to fill. One is President of the U.S., and the other is director of the Metropolitan Opera."

Impossible the job may be; it is unquestionably important. Says retired Diva Beverly Sills, now director of the New York City Opera: "The Met has the funding, wonderful facilities, glamour, international stars. It is the most prestigious opera house in the world." As such, the Met must act as an aural museum, preserving and displaying the standard repertory: works such as *La Traviata*, *Tosca* and *Die Meistersinger*. But an opera house must also be active in reviving worthy pieces and commissioning new ones. Under Levine's artistic administration, the Met has successfully explored new territory in such operas as Poulenc's fervid *Dialogues of the Carmelites*, Berg's thorny *Lulu*, Kurt Weill's sardonic *Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny* and the ebullient French triple bill *Parade*. In standard works, such as Verdi's *Don Carlo* and Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov*, the company has used the latest scholarship to offer versions that are as musicologically accurate as possible. In honor of its centennial next season, the Met has commissioned new operas from Composers Jacob Druckman (on the Medea legend) and John Corigliano (based on the third of Beaumarchais's Figaro plays).

Signing autographs on a Salzburg street corner

"It's all sort of like a dream. It's so nice."

So far this season there have been two new productions: a grandly ceremonial staging of Mozart's *Idomeneo* by Director Jean-Pierre Ponnelle, and a controversial setting of *Macbeth* by Sir Peter Hall. The Met cast *Idomeneo* as few houses can, with Pavarotti, Mezzo Frederica von Stade and Sopranos Hildegarde Behrens and Ileana Cotrubas. All had voices big, agile and beautiful enough to handle the opera's extraordinary demands, and the result was a triumph.

Macbeth, however, had problems. The production was vehemently booed on its opening night in November by a segment of the audience that found the sight of witches flying through the air on broomsticks risible, the presence of a nude dancer inappropriate and the arrival of white-clad ballerinas during Macbeth's dream sequence comical. Some prominent critics were outraged: Donal Henahan, in the New York *Times*, said *Macbeth* "may just be the worst new production . . . in modern [Met] history." Hall's attempt to place the opera in a mid-19th century theatrical context was daring, but sometimes miscalculated.

Inevitably, Levine comes in for his share of criticism; on its basest level, he is booed with surprising frequency by a vocal minority at the Met when he takes his post-performance bows. Levine's tempos can be brisk to the point of hastiness, and in his enthusiasm for the music he often lets the sound of the orchestra overwhelm the singers, swamping them amid Wagnerian brass fortissimos or with the urgent sweep of passionate Verdian strings. Even the Met orchestra musicians, who are generally enthusiastic about their conductor, complain. Sometimes after a performance they leave informal, anonymous critiques: "Too loud, Maestro." "Much too slow." "Much too fast."

Levine is also accused of conducting too many performances, freezing out eminent guest conductors. "The weakness of the conducting staff is a manifestation of his own ego," says one disgruntled Met musician. "Where are the likes of Claudio Abbado, Riccardo Muti, Sir Georg Solti, Zubin Mehta, Lorin Maazel and Sir Colin Davis?" With Levine leading 78 performances this season, there is always the possibility that the orchestra will grow

Mr. B. and the Four Js

It is a grand office and a grand desk, as befits the head of one of the world's great opera companies, and at first glance the two objects near the telephone appear incongruous. One is a sign that reads THE BIG TONE. The other is an unopened can of Alpo dog food, a gift from his staff.

In fact they, more than the gilt and the grandeur, sum up the job and the personality of the man who holds it. Anthony Bliss is indeed the Big Tone, the general manager, ultimate authority on everything that occurs at the Metropolitan Opera. And he is also totally committed to his company, so oblivious to almost everything else that he probably could, as his wife once jokingly observed, dine on Alpo dog food and not know the difference.

The Met was always a big organization, but during Bliss's eight-year stewardship it has become a much bigger one, the General Motors of the world's opera companies. A Wall Street lawyer by profession, with close connections to moneyed New York society, Bliss has brought the practices of modern business management to what is, and will always remain, an artistic endeavor.

In large measure, he has succeeded. When he took over in 1974, the deficit was $500,000 and rapidly mounting, threatening the troupe with eventual extinction; last season, despite a budget of $63 million, the Met had a $100,000 surplus.* "We have to raise an enormous amount of money, more than $20 million in annual gifts, to keep the company going," he says. "Since I've been here, fund raising has grown from one man with a couple of secretaries to an office that will soon have 30 or 40 people."

In almost every way, managing the Met is more complicated than it was a decade ago. "It used to be that people bought their tickets at the window," Bliss says. "With the advent of the credit card, most of the purchases are on the telephone. Our subscription list too has changed, from a few people buying a lot of tickets each year to many more people buying a smaller number. In the early '50s we had around 8,000 subscribers. Last year we had 28,000. All of this means a great increase in administration."

TED THAI

General Manager Anthony Bliss at work

Despite his background of Groton, Harvard and Wall Street, Bliss, 69, almost grew up in the opera house. His father, Cornelius Newton Bliss, was the president of a textile firm. He owned a box in the grand tier, the so-called Diamond Horseshoe, of the old Metropolitan Opera House, and he was chairman of the board from 1938 to 1946. Anthony attended his first performance when he was six, hearing Enrico Caruso in *I Pagliacci*, and when his father died in 1949, he was automatically offered a seat on the governing board. "I was aware of the kind of problems that faced opera for as long as I could remember," he says, "and I suppose that I got my knowledge of opera by osmosis."

By the '50s the house at Broadway and 39th Street, which was built in 1883, was outmoded, and Bliss became a chief proponent of a move to a new structure in Lincoln Center. He won his argument, and the company journeyed north in 1966. But following a feud with Rudolf Bing, the Met's impresario from 1950 to 1972, he was pushed aside as board president. When Bing's successor, Schuyler Chapin, failed to curb the escalating deficits, Bliss was brought in as a salaried executive to put the house in order.

Once a week Bliss meets with his chief assistants, a quartet his secretary calls the "four Js: Joan, Joe, John and Jimmy." With their surnames attached they are known as Joan Ingpen, the scheduling wizard; Joseph Volpe, overseer of backstage activities; John Dexter, the production adviser; and James Levine. That weekly meeting enables Bliss to get the view from all four sides of the big house. "Sometimes," he observes, "an artistic decision will create a technical problem or a box office or funding problem. When you choose a new production, you also have to ask the question: Is this a work we can get funding for?" There are, he notes, only a few people who are willing to sponsor contemporary works.

"Two major factors have made the operation of an opera house much more complicated than it once was. One is the jet plane, which enables singers to move about the world rapidly. The second is the change in the recording market. It used to be that the largest number of classical records was sold in the U.S., so that every singer wanted to develop an American audience. Now the major record market is overseas. In the Bing era, casting was done a year or two before the season. Now we have to negotiate as much as five years ahead."

Although Bliss has ultimate power, he has deliberately assigned creative authority to Levine and the rest of the quartet. "Basically," he says, "I don't consider myself qualified to make musical or even artistic decisions. I exercise veto power only very seldom and with great reluctance. I don't think a traditional impresario could function any longer in this job. There is not enough time to do everything. Levine tells me what he wants, and I may have to go back to him and say, 'We can't afford to use so-and-so because everything he does is too expensive.' I would never say to Jimmy, 'I think Domingo ought to sing that instead of Pavarotti.' I'm a lawyer, not a musician, not a stage director, not a scenic designer, not a singer."

Indeed, critics complain that Bliss has imposed too strong a corporate style on the Met, and that his remoteness from the musicians was a factor in the labor dispute that shut down the company for eleven weeks in 1980. The charge obviously wounds him, and he takes pains to deny it. "The house is so big," he says, "that it doesn't lend itself to a family feeling. But I think we perhaps misjudged the extent of feelings. For months I didn't sleep at night. I would wake up and think, 'What did I do wrong today?' " Now, he says, "I would try to settle a dispute before it gets to the confrontation point. But there's very little I would have done differently."

It is a demanding job, and Bliss works at it almost nonstop five days a week. Only on weekends does he forget about the Met. Then he retires to his country home in Oyster Bay, Long Island, and renews his acquaintance with Sally, his third wife, who is director of the Joffrey II ballet troupe, and their two sons, 14 and twelve. He putters in the garden, raises such wild game as pheasant and quail in his duck pond and plays tennis. He also listens to music, the kind that soothes and softens a Sunday. Chamber music, of course. —*By Gerald Clarke. Reported by Maureen Dowd/New York*

*Ticket prices have kept pace with the budget. In 1974 the cheapest seat was $3; it is now $11. The most expensive has risen from $35 to $65.

stale. Says Met Conductor Jeffrey Tate: "All orchestras like guests. They see Jimmy all the time, and there is a great danger for both of them in this. They must loathe him sometimes, as in any close relationship, like a marriage."

Another charge is that Levine plays favorites with singers, overusing some voices while ignoring others. "Levine's love affairs with certain voices are total," complains a Met singer. "When he finds a voice he likes, he uses it over and over." Like any other conductor, Levine has a roster of singers he finds congenial, among them Soprano Teresa Stratas, Tenor Placido Domingo and Baritone Milnes. Sometimes, as with veteran Diva Scotto, their voices are long faded but still histrionically effective. Sometimes they are not up to major-house standards, as with Tenor Philip Creech, whom Levine has pushed beyond the limit of his modest gifts. But his commitment to certain singers has paid off in the development of several young Americans who are potential stars, among them Sopranos Leona Mitchell and Kathleen Battle. And his tireless work with the Met orchestra has greatly raised the level of its playing: short of the Vienna State Opera orchestra's class, but at least on a par with the excellent Royal Opera House orchestra in London.

Still, the criticism rankles. "I'm doing my damnedest 24 hours a day to make the Met as good as I can," says Levine with unaccustomed asperity. "Every decision I make is to try to do that, and I can't help it if sometimes I'm wrong or sometimes I'm no good. That's just the way it is." Levine insists he has no desire to hog the Met's podium. The great opera conductors, he says, are routinely invited, but their crowded schedules usually do not permit them to give a four- to six-week block of time to New York. Moreover, he adds, "every time we put the repertory together, we put it out to bid to them all. If Karajan or Solti or Lenny wants a piece that is slotted in for me, I'll give it to them in a minute." At a time when major conductors regularly jet around the world, Levine is a throwback to the orchestra-building maestros of yore. "I don't spend my time on planes," he says. "I'm proud of that."

Several major singers, among them Mirella Freni, Joan Sutherland, Von Stade and Alfredo Kraus, are too rarely heard at the Met, although all four are appearing this season. And British Soprano Margaret Price, who sings in the major international houses, has never sung there. Somewhat ingenuously, Levine blames their absence partly on the Met's distance from Europe. Even in the Concorde age, he contends, they prefer to work closer to home, no more than a couple of hours' flight from Covent Garden, the Paris Opéra or Milan's La Scala, rather than take up extended residence in New York. Further, Levine says, the heavily subsidized European houses can afford to pay as much as 50% more than the Met's top fee of about $8,000 a performance. Domingo concurs with Levine's assessment. "I could go where they would pay me four or five times what I get at the Met," says Domingo.

On the wall of Levine's apartment on Manhattan's Upper West Side is a framed quotation from Thomas Mann's novella *The Tables of the Law*, given to the conductor by his longtime live-in companion, Sue Thomson. It reads, in part: "Mighty and long labor lay ahead, labor which would have to be achieved through anger and patience before the uncouth hordes could be formed into a people who would be more than the usual community to whom the ordinary was comfortable." Too often, there is an air of comfortable ordinariness about the Met, such as casting a popular opera like *Il Trovatore* with a soprano past her prime and a tenor who never had one, or substituting a less-than-star-quality singer like Herman Malamood for Pavarotti in *Idomeneo*. Still, on a day-to-day basis, the Met's productions are the equal of any, the result of Levine's mighty and long labor.

The conductor at age seven: learning two acts during math class

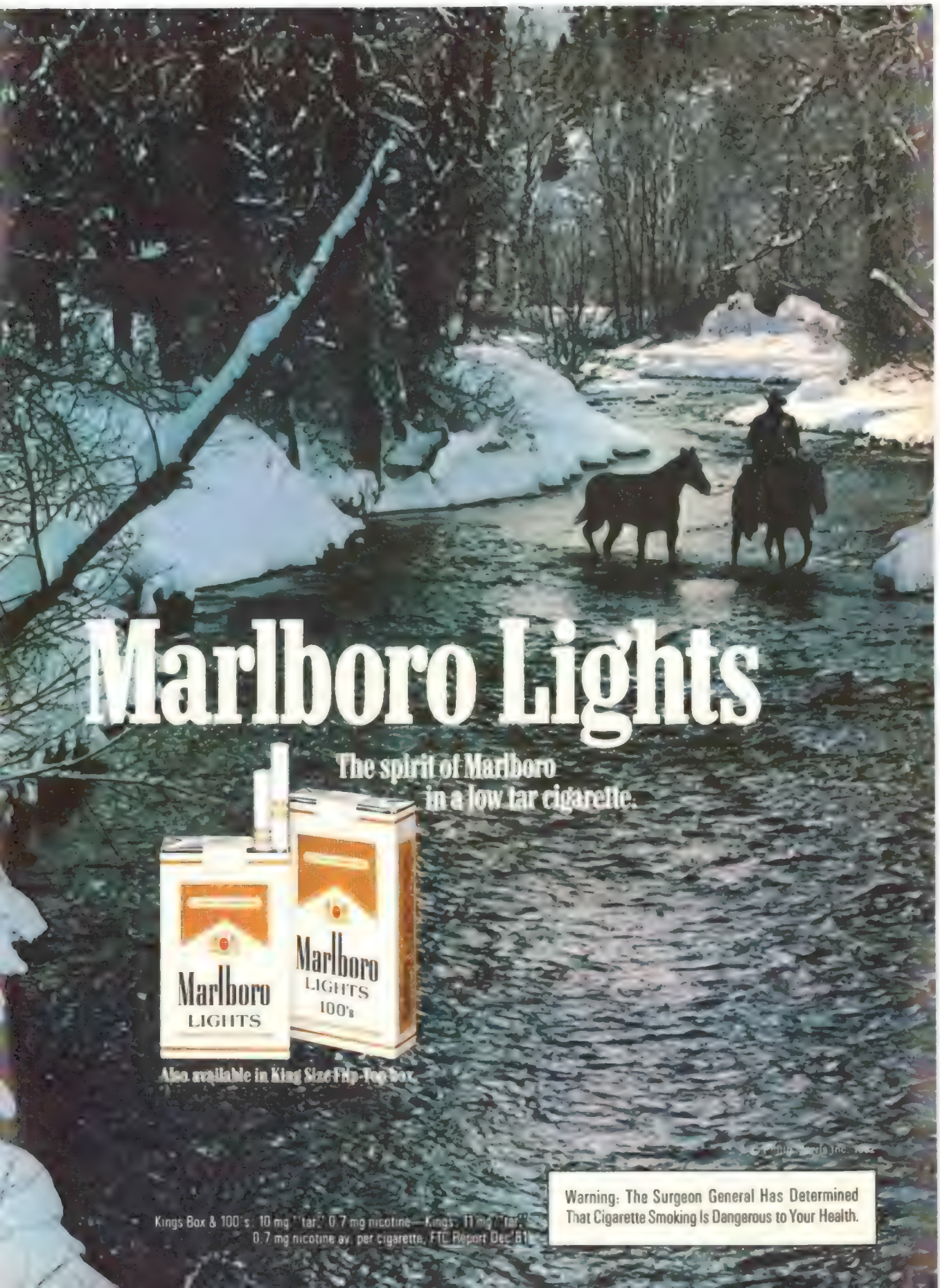
In his performances, Levine strives to banish interpretive routine to get at the heart of the composer's message. "My function," he says, "is to be a necessary middleman, not a willful, distorting, idiosyncratic, egocentric middleman." His high performance standards are derived from three major influences: Toscanini, Soprano Maria Callas and Director Wieland Wagner. From the incandescent Toscanini, Levine learned the value of a taut, singing musical line. Callas, the indomitable spirit who assaulted her audiences with intense, molten performances, taught Levine that opera must always be convincing as drama, not simply a collection of voices gift wrapped in period costumes. Wagner, who restored Bayreuth to glory after World War II, showed him that opera productions had to involve the imagination of the listeners, making them part of the drama instead of passive observers of props and painted backdrops.

But while Levine has learned his lessons well, he is aware of human limitations, as Callas, with her temperamental voice, always was and as Toscanini, with his fiery temper, usually was not. Levine's musical ethos, demanding though it is, is still far from that of old-fashioned tyrants like his mentor, George Szell, or Fritz Reiner. "Perfectionist is one of the stupidest words in the English language," says Levine. "Take any performance. I promise you that there will be a pizzicato chord that's not together; somewhere or other a horn will crack. If there are a number of magical and successful moments that really capture what they should, then a technical imperfection here or there will pass. The question is whether you are counting successes or counting mistakes."

Most of Levine's life has been spent counting successes. Born in Cincinnati, a city with a rich musical heritage, young Jimmy Levine could pull himself up to the family Chickering piano and pick out tunes before he was two years old. When little more than an infant, he once astonished his father, a former bandleader, by spotting the rhythm of *Mary Had a Little Lamb* when it was idly drummed on a tabletop. Piano lessons came at four, recitals at six. In 1953, age ten, he made his debut with the Cincinnati Symphony, performing Mendelssohn's *Piano Concerto No. 2*.

But his parents did not want the sideshow life of a prodigy for the eldest of their three children. When the television show *The $64,000 Question* called, trying to book Jimmy for an appearance, they declined. When Comedian Sam Levenson wanted to cast him as a musical genius in a TV show, they turned him down. When the legendary piano teacher Rosina Lhévinne of the Juilliard School first heard Jimmy play and said, "I must have this child," they told her to wait until he was older. Says Levine: "My parents handled all the critical decisions of my early life sensationally well."

Jimmy's love for the piano was intense, but he soon discovered an even greater love: opera. Jimmy would listen to recordings, singing the parts and conducting from the score. His mother, who had been a Broadway actress, bought him a miniature stage, where he put on his own productions using toy tables and chairs as props. During the summers, he attended the performances of the Cincinnati Opera, held then on the grounds of the local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zoo, clutching his grandmother's long knitting needle as a make-believe baton.

Early on, Levine displayed an amazing and often galling confidence, the lot of the gifted youth who feels unchallenged by and superior to his environment. He flunked a grade-school music class because he refused to take the course seriously. His mother once picked him up after school and found her son's jacket bulging with the concealed score of a Verdi opera. "I learned two acts during math class," Jimmy calmly informed her.

At the recommendation of the dean of the Juilliard School in New York, where they had taken their ten-year-old son for an evaluation, the Levines in 1953 asked Walter Levin, principal violinist of the LaSalle Quartet, to supervise their son's musical education in Cincinnati.

After some hesitation, Levin agreed. "What I found," he recalls, "was a natively talented, undisciplined, slightly overbearing kid who was in serious need of a teacher who could teach him what music was all about." Levin, born and raised in Berlin, devised a European-style education for Jimmy, an interdisciplinary approach to music that placed it in a cultural, historical and philosophical context.

For the first time, the boy was forced to confront the drudgery that is a necessary part of musical understanding. One afternoon, when he came unprepared to a lesson, Levin threw him out, forcing him to wait in front of his house for two hours until Jimmy's mother came for him. "I realized at that point," says Levine, "that you had to work your way through the frustrating, boring phases of music, and that unless you got on with it, you didn't get to the treasure at the end."

In the summer of 1956, Levine set out on his musical travels. First came the Marlboro festival in Vermont, where he got a taste of opera conducting (the brief choruses in *Così fan tutte*), and then at the Aspen festival in Colorado, where he spent 13 summers. He realized that the solitary life of a piano virtuoso held no appeal. "I had never been attracted to the big solo pieces," says Levine, "and I just didn't want to spend my life playing the Tchaikovsky concerto. I was perfectly

Conferring with Assistant Manager Joan Ingpen; grabbing a quick lunch between rehearsals; talking with Director Franco Zeffirelli

Tempo: Allegro con Brio

The Met's music director spends only part of his life conducting in an orchestra pit. Excerpts from Levine's hectic calendar:

Wednesday, 10:15 a.m. At his desk in his small first-floor office, an ever present towel tossed over his left shoulder, Levine scans the mail and then meets with General Manager Anthony Bliss to discuss a choreographer for next season's opening production of Berlioz's *Les Troyens;* already three have declined. Assistant Manager Joan Ingpen, who is in charge of artistic administration, pops in to have Levine approve a "cover" for a sick tenor and to vet Director Jean-Pierre Ponnelle's request to adjust his rehearsal schedule next season. "Once we counted 40,000 castings arranged over a five-year period," says Levine. "It is a jigsaw puzzle beyond belief." He signs letters and heads into the auditorium for an 11 a.m. rehearsal of Wagner's *Tannhäuser*.

12:10 p.m. There is a half-hour break, but Levine never stops moving. "I'm sorry about the mistake," says one singer. "Don't be silly," soothes Levine. Like an expert politician working a crowd, he is able to carry on a conversation without losing any time. He chats with Lighting Designer Gil Wechsler about a recent recital he played and compares notes on pianos. Then a quick lunch of half a turkey sandwich and a diet soft drink. More paperwork awaits: an invitation from Sarah Lawrence College to give a lecture series, replies to fan letters, rehearsal changes.

12:40 p.m. Back in the pit, Levine continues with *Tannhäuser*, periodically dashing into the house to check the lighting levels on the television monitor. The performance will be broadcast, and Levine knows that what he watches from the pit is not necessarily what audiences at home will see. By 1:25 p.m. he is once again back at his desk, eating the rest of his lunch (a salad) and looking over a list of apprentice singers to be approved and the provisional plan for the Met's 1986-87 season. He sets a time to meet with Artist David Hockney, designer of *Parade*.

3:03 p.m. The rehearsal over, Levine meets with Director Franco Zeffirelli to talk about three new productions. Ninety minutes later, he is at home for a pre-performance rest. By 6:30 p.m. he is back at the Met. Says City Opera's Beverly Sills: "I think I would slit my throat if I had to put on a long gown at the end of the day and go up onstage and sing. Switching gears is very hard, but Jimmy's handling it very well."

The next day is much the same, with a demanding full-orchestra rehearsal of Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande* in the morning. Afterward he joins a "note session," working out fine details of interpretation with a few singers for an upcoming opera. One singer is in tears over the state of her voice. "It's hormonal," she cries. Levine leads her through a few passages and she leaves, fortified. "You see," he says, "this job is part psychiatrist." A prominent tenor wants to cancel two performances; he is informed by letter that the Met expects him to keep his commitment. A German baritone is complaining that he doesn't get enough parts, perhaps because his Italian is weak. "He promises that if he gets an Italian role, he will study in Italy," Ingpen tells Levine, who reserves decision. Levine and Ingpen discuss more casting for the 1986-87 season. A singer under consideration for a leading Wagnerian role is subjected to merciless scrutiny. They jump ahead to 1988-89, and wonder whether Verdi's *Don Carlo* ought to be scheduled then. Later that afternoon Levine meets with the production committee of the Met board, then spot-checks part of *Il Trovatore*, which is being conducted by Nello Santi. After another meeting with Zeffirelli, he returns to his apartment. It is midnight.

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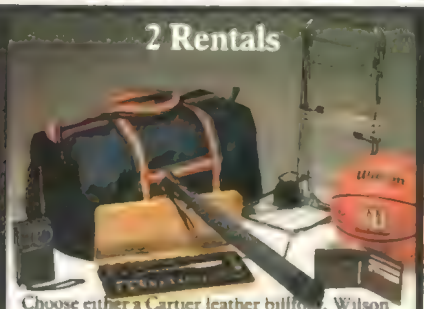

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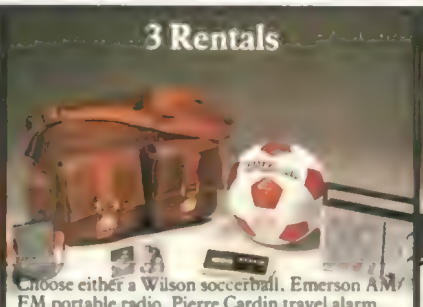

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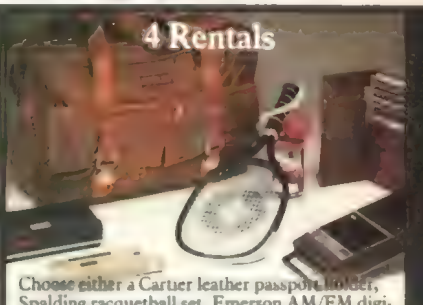

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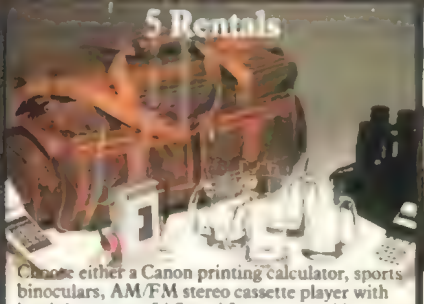

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aware that the amount of technical work I would have to do to play that piece would be better spent on different repertory."

In 1961, Levine went to Juilliard; although only 18, he was put into the postgraduate curriculum as soon as he had taken a semester of pre-Bach music history. In his third year, he was selected for the American Conductors Project in Baltimore, established by the Ford Foundation to develop fledgling maestros. There he met Szell, the irascible Hungarian-born autocrat who had built the Cleveland Orchestra into one of the country's finest symphonic ensembles. Szell offered the unproven Levine the post of apprentice conductor in Cleveland. When Levine protested that he hadn't finished his formal course of study at Juilliard, Szell, who had made his conducting debut at 16 with the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, dismissed the objection. "You're a very good conductor," he told him. "Maybe we can make you a great one." Levine dropped out of Juilliard and spent six years as Szell's assistant.

He impressed many people in Cleveland with his natural talent and brimming energy. "Structurally, he could organize music almost as soon as he got his fingers around it," remembers Atlanta Symphony Conductor Robert Shaw, then an associate conductor with the Cleveland. "He also had a facility of stick technique. Even Mr. Szell wasn't as graceful as Jimmy." In 1966, Levine founded the University Circle Orchestra, a student ensemble from the Cleveland Institute of Music; he soon had them performing formidable works like Mahler's *Sixth Symphony*.

Szell died in 1970, and Levine's apprenticeship came to an end. What he required now was a break, and luck was obliging. The San Francisco Opera needed a conductor for the last few *Toscas* of the season and hired Levine. By chance, a Met administrator heard him, and was impressed. Levine made his Met debut the next year, also with *Tosca*. His career began a rapid ascent, aided by Levine's manager, Ronald Wilford of Columbia Artists Management Inc. Wilford oversees the livelihoods of many major conductors, including Mstislav Rostropovich of the National Symphony and Seiji Ozawa of the Boston Symphony. "From that first day I watched Jimmy work," says Wilford, "I knew he would have a major career. All it needed was guidance."

During the struggle for power at the Met that followed Sir Rudolf Bing's retirement as general manager and the death in 1972 of Göran Gentele, his successor, in an automobile crash, two men emerged triumphant. Bliss, whose father had been the Met's chairman of the board, became executive director and, later, general manager. Levine became music director. His boyish grin remained undimmed, even during the bitter labor dispute that postponed the opening of the 1980 season; it was, says Sue Thomson, "the closest I've ever seen him to being depressed."

Even in a profession marked by dedication, Levine's obsession with music is pronounced. "His life consists only of conducting," says one assistant conductor at the Met. "He is a conductor, and that is what he is." He is not interested in sports, and he is unconcerned with religion. Although born into a family of Reform Jews, he was never confirmed, and he accepted Bayreuth's invitation to lead Wagner's Christian allegory, *Parsifal*, in an opera house that, during the Hitler years, was a citadel of Nazism. "I wanted to go to Bayreuth," he explains, "because the only way I know to solve the enigma of Wagner's being a genius and an anti-Semite is to get as close to it as possible."

When discussing his favorite subject, Levine shies away from controversy. He will not, as many musicians gleefully do, talk about his colleagues' performances. He refuses to be pinned down about his favorite pieces of music. Says Levine: "There is a general tendency in the world to be preoccupied with evaluating things, and this is a trap. If you agree that Verdi's masterpieces are *Otello* and *Falstaff*, then what about *Ernani* and *Macbeth*? In finding a level on a kind of musical Richter scale, it implies that you should not be altogether involved with works that get only a 3 or a 5." Yet, with the fervor of the true specialist, he will happily expatiate on Beethoven's metronome markings or Debussy's revisions in *Pelléas et Mélisande*.

HARRY WEBER

Family reunion: Brother Tom, Father Larry and Mother Helen

In private life, Levine keeps a low profile. As with many prominent unmarried musicians, Levine gathers rumors the way his formal attire gathers lint. He is whispered to have had liaisons with people of every age and hue, with both sopranos and tenors. But it is his longtime companion, Thomson, a pale, pretty brunet, who lives with him in his unprepossessing apartment and at their 41-acre farm in upstate New York, managing the household. He unwinds with his fruit juice, diet soda and candy bars, and can get by on as little as four hours' sleep, content, as always, to study another score.

The money he earns, estimated to be in the high six figures annually, is spent on creature comforts, such as good meals and his blue Cadillac Seville, which he joyfully pilots around Manhattan's potholed streets with the aplomb of a captain at the helm of a swift cutter. But he is also generous with his Met colleagues, sending them champagne on festive occasions and often giving a party at the Renaissance Center in Detroit to celebrate the company's yearly U.S. spring tour.

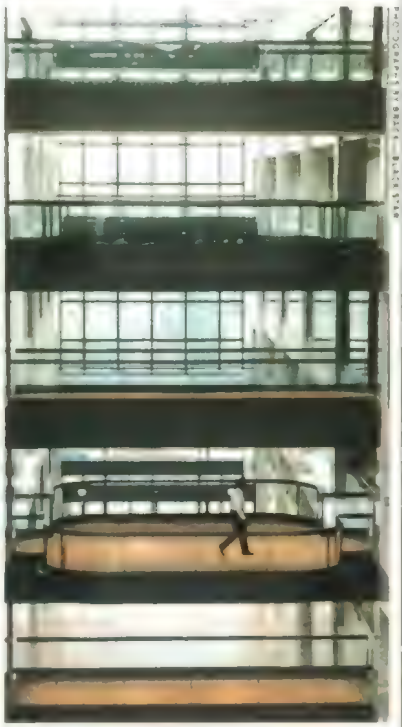
Levine spends little on clothes or on polishing his public image. When his father once advised him to lose weight, get a haircut and trade in his glasses for contact lenses, Levine balked: "I said I will make myself so much the opposite of the great profile that I will have the satisfaction of knowing that I'm engaged because I'm a musician, and not because the ladies are swooning in the first balcony."

How long Levine will remain at the Met is moot. While he never criticizes Bliss, it is clear that he wants more control. In renegotiating his contract, which expires in 1986, Levine is demanding complete artistic authority over the Met, including a lump-sum budget to spend as he sees fit. "For me," says Levine, "it would mean that any mistake that happens then would happen because I had lousy judgment, instead of a mistake happening because we couldn't time the moves right." Other organizations, among them the Los Angeles Philharmonic and the Royal Opera House, approach him with offers. But for now the Met comes first.

No one should be surprised, however, if Levine's career eventually becomes fully international, with major positions on both sides of the Atlantic. As he took his curtain calls after his final Bayreuth performance last summer, that highly critical, frequently rather parochial audience gave him a loud, long ovation. His face flushed with excitement, his eyes gleaming, Levine came onstage slowly, basking in the bravos. Shyly bowing from the waist, his hands resting on his thighs, his head bobbing up and down in mute response, he seemed more the precocious pupil being celebrated by his schoolmates than the architect of an international musical triumph.

Afterward the orchestra musicians presented him with an ornate scroll with all their signatures as a gesture of respect and affection. "Heavenly thanks for the good musical collaboration," it reads. "So nice," said the kid from Cincinnati who had grown up to sound the grand Amen. "That's marvelous. Fantastic. Wonderful." —*By Michael Walsh. Reported by Barry Hillenbrand/New York*

The Hart Building: the first congressional offices to make 20th century functional sense



Walkways surrounding the skylighted atrium

Capitol Hill's New Colossus

A controversial Senate building may be worth the price after all

During a decade of planning, building and bickering, the $137.7 million Philip A. Hart Senate Office Building has been much denounced as a wasteful, Mussolini-style marble barn. Now that it is essentially completed and ready for occupancy, some Senators have declined to move into it. Wisconsin's William Proxmire and others object that it is too opulent. John Stennis of Mississippi and Charles Mathias of Maryland say they prefer the old-shoe comforts and fireplaces of their present quarters. With most of the Senate leadership setting a good example, however, the marble barn's 50 office suites have all been assigned. Says Majority Leader Howard Baker, the first to move in: "I approved the design as a member of the Senate Public Works Committee. I want to be the first to enjoy its advantages."

The advantages are considerable. The 1.1 million-sq.-ft. colossus is not, to be sure, the kind of building to wrap your heart around. The surfeit of white Vermont marble is a bit intimidating. Yet the building fits politely between the clumsily classical Everett Dirksen Senate Office Building and the Federal and Queen Anne–style Sewall-Belmont House and garden, headquarters of the venerable National Woman's Party. The Hart Building's classically well-ordered, box-construction windows, reminiscent of Le Corbusier's famous *brise-soleils*, or sun screens, harmonize with the forest of Roman columns that flourishes on Capitol Hill. Most important, of the six congressional office palaces built in the 20th century, this is the first to make 20th century functional sense.

Part of the credit for this goes to George M. White, who, after being appointed Architect of the Capitol in 1971, decided that Roman pomposity had become a Capitol embarrassment. White stopped further encroachments on the surrounding residential neighborhood. He commissioned a master plan for development of the congressional campus within its existing boundaries. And when a third Senate office building became necessary in 1972 (supplementing the Dirksen and Richard Russell buildings), he spurned the short roster of traditional architects who had worked on Capitol Hill for generations and selected John Carl Warnecke and Associates for the job.

Warnecke, based in San Francisco, had won national acclaim for his ability to design buildings that do not flaunt their modernity but get along well with older neighbors, notably two office buildings opposite the White House whose brick façades effectively echo the residential accents of surrounding Lafayette Square.

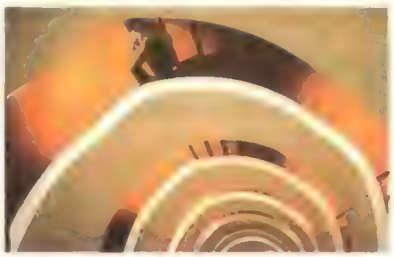
Newly furnished private office of North Dakota Senator Quentin Burdick

Reception area of the suite occupied by Hawaii Senator Daniel Inouye

Within the nine-story Hart Building, Warnecke has created a vast 100-ft.-high skylit atrium of the kind that Architect Kevin Roche pioneered at the Ford Foundation headquarters in New York City. This eliminates the endless, oppressive corridors of other congressional buildings and lets additional daylight into the offices, which are entered from open galleries surrounding the atrium. Unlike the Ford Foundation's atrium, which sports a lush tropical garden, the Hart Building's inner court is as yet a marble void. Plans for a huge sculpture by Alexander Calder (the last he designed before he died in 1976) were cut from the budget. Something is needed here. Elsewhere, Warnecke has created spots of charm, as in the lofty, baroque-style circular staircases.

The 1909 Russell Building has uniformly high 16-ft. ceilings, which seems a waste of space for clerks and typists. The 1958 Dirksen Building has uniformly low 10-ft. 4-in. ceilings, which seems undignified for Senators. Warnecke's solution: 16-ft. ceilings for the senatorial offices, with the adjoining staff space built on two levels, each with 8½-ft. ceilings. One advantage of the older buildings that Warnecke omitted: private office doors allowing Senators to slip in and out unseen.

But this design flaw aside, the Hart Building is efficiently suited to its unique purposes. The cost adds up to an all-inclusive and defensible $100 per sq. ft., approxi-



Architect Warnecke's baroque staircase

A laudable attention to detail and quality.

mately. You can get buildings for less, but the Hart's cost cannot fairly be compared with other office buildings, public or private. There are few Government departments or corporations, for example, that average one boss for every 27 employees, which is the ratio in the Hart Building. The structure, furthermore, shows laudable attention to detail and quality of materials and craftsmanship. Among its features are a 3-in. marble veneer (in contrast to the ⅞ in. to 2 in. common in cheaper structures), solid brass hardware and double-glazed windows to save energy.

As the Italian Renaissance architect Filarete said more than 500 years ago, "Some buildings cannot be constructed without great expense, but magnanimous and great princes, and republics as well, should not hold back from building great and beautiful buildings . . . When they are completed, there is neither more nor less money in the country, but the building does remain . . . together with its reputation and honor." —*By Wolf Von Eckardt*

Cinema

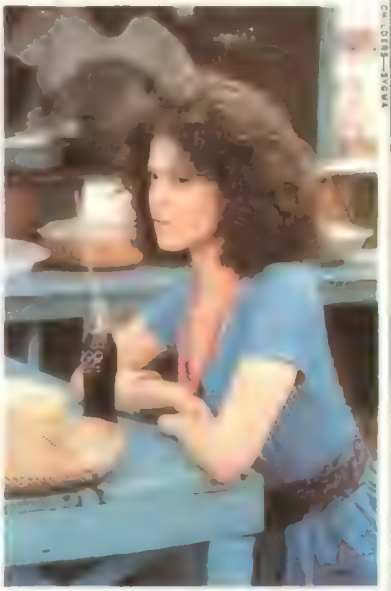
Waist-Deep in the Big Money

THE YEAR OF LIVING DANGEROUSLY *Directed by Peter Weir*
Screenplay by David Williamson, Peter Weir and C.J. Koch

In the doldrums of world cinema in the '70s, one national film industry suddenly emerged with the vibrant squalls of a healthy infant: Australia had arrived. From an outback of inactivity a decade before, a flock of young film makers proved they could appeal to a worldwide audience while remaining true to their country's ornery uniqueness. But with success came a more daunting challenge: to remain uncolonized by the New Hollywood. The best directors have been wooed to the U.S. to make the same kinds of films but bigger, and without all those people who talk funny and drive on the wrong side of the road. Fred Schepisi (*The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith*) and Bruce Beresford (*Breaker Morant*) both emigrated to Texas to make western romances (*Barbarosa* and *Tender Mercies*). George Miller, daredevil director of the Mad Max movies, is now helming an episode of Steven Spielberg's *The Twilight Zone*. This is the big leagues, with a more restrictive set of rules. The successful Australian director could end up making lots of money and losing his distinct national voice.

Peter Weir, the first Australian director to make an international name for himself, has chosen to steer a course that is at once more cautious and more daring. He has taken MGM/UA's largesse to mount a more elaborate version of the theme that solders his five earlier films: the collision between British culture and anarchic nature, a conflict that virtually defines the Australian experience. The scene is Indonesia in 1965, as the Sukarno government stumbles toward a coup that will eventually end the strongman's reign. In the streets, Communist marchers sing revolutionary songs with Whiffenpoof harmonies; in the white man's clubs, journalists and diplomats slug back their Scotch and try to forget that the good imperial days have vanished into Third World arrogance. Among the Caucasians are Guy Hamilton (Mel Gibson), one of the Australian correspondents, and Jill Bryant (Sigourney Weaver), a glamorous mystery woman in the employ of the British embassy. Helping them fall in love, and more than a little in love with them both, is Billy Kwan (Linda Hunt), a dwarfish man who works as a photographer and functions as an all-knowing tipster. Nothing is simple here on the outskirts of Graham Greeneland, where conscientious Westerners sink waist-deep in the Big Muddy of moral and political ambiguity.

Weir's movies have always boasted pristine imagery and avoided visual clichés; *Picnic at Hanging Rock*, *The Last Wave* and *Gallipoli* are among the smartest-looking pictures in recent cinema. But in his attempt to blend his preoccupations with the plot of C. J. Koch's 1978 novel, Weir has perhaps packed too much imagery and information into his movie. The sound track is wallpapered with dialogue and Billy Kwan's pensive narration. The plot becomes landlocked in true-life im-



Sigourney Weaver as a Briton in Indonesia

An Aphrodite in Graham Greeneland.

plausibilities; the characters rarely get a hold on the moviegoer's heart or lapels.

What saves this meditation on the vestiges of colonialism is, ironically, its celebration of American star power. Gibson, the U.S.-born Australian star of *Gallipoli* and *The Road Warrior*, brings a cocky Yank vulnerability to his role. Weaver is almost intimidatingly beautiful from her first appearance: she rises from her swimming pool like a modern Aphrodite, tan and healthy and wearing a smile of effortlessly earned self-approval. Some day Hollywood will figure out how to make her a star. But the star-making performance here is Linda Hunt's. This tiny (4 ft. 9 in.) New York actress—puckish smile, upside-down ears, a wise, ageless face—plays a lovelorn man with convincing intensity and tenderness. If Weir just failed to bring off his subject, he was right to cast Hunt in this demanding part. May he and other Australian film makers continue to live dangerously. —*By Richard Corliss*

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Dictator of Dining Out

Restaurant Critic Mimi Sheraton is feared and followed

Finally someone hit back. When Mimi Sheraton, restaurant critic of the New York *Times* and the most influential commentator on dining out in America, was spotted at a table in a new Manhattan spot, the owner threw her out. Fumed Michael O'Keeffe, proprietor of the Water Club: "The public loves something, then a critic comes along and says it's not good." O'Keeffe's stand was brave but futile. Sheraton took to her Friday column last week and described the encounter in her usual remorseless detail, ending with some speculation on the rights of an orderly person who is ejected from a public restaurant. The rest of the column was devoted to a classic example of what O'Keeffe so greatly fears: a 750-word, clinical rundown on a Chinese restaurant, including the likeliest days to get a decent meal and a wrist-slap for the rest rooms.

To anyone paying New York restaurant bills, such advice is invaluable, and Sheraton's singular dedication to her work makes her tops in the field. She eats out 40 times or more a month. She goes to extreme lengths not to be identified, in the belief that anonymity will help her make sure that she receives the same treatment as any other patron. After six years on the bistro beat, she finds anonymity hard to come by. Sheraton is a familiar face at all the bigger and more fashionable eating places in Manhattan; the attention lavished on her at such establishments supports her case for camouflage. She never makes reservations in her own name; she often pays the bill with a credit card issued to a pseudonym, and varies her disguises. "I've thought seriously," she says, "of dressing as a nun or a Hasidic rabbi, or wearing a suit of armor."

Sheraton, 56, is a perfectionist with an exhaustive knowledge of foodstuffs and their preparation, and rigid, consistent standards. In a city that boasts 16,000 eating places, her review columns, usually covering at least two restaurants, enjoy a huge following. Thus, even before its official publication next week, a selection of 350 Sheraton reviews in book form has sold out its first printing of 25,000 copies. Awkwardly titled *Mimi Sheraton's The New York Times Guide to New York Restaurants*, the $9.95 paperback is as diverse as the city, ranging from minuscule Chinatown *dim-sum* joints to the midtown cathedrals of continental cuisine.

The publication was greeted glumly at some highly regarded restaurants that have been downgraded by the *Times's* critic. The most prestigious victim was La Caravelle, a formerly four-star (extraordinary) eminence reduced to two stars (very good). On the other hand, one of only four recipients of a four-star award was The Coach House, a venerable Greenwich Village establishment that many other critics consider unimpressive. (The other top-rated spots: La Grenouille, Lutèce, Vienna '79.)

Before publishing her judgment, Sheraton pays an average of four to six visits to a restaurant, but as many as twelve on occasion. The *Times* picks up between $67,000 and $73,000 a year in tabs. Her assessment is based 85% on the food, "the primary and overwhelming factor." Service counts too; the inept captain and the rude waiter are always noted.

The rating that results is, of course, relative. Two stars for a small newcomer means overnight success. The same award for a proud and famous *cuisinier* is an embarrassment. An unfavorable notice can never close a restaurant with an established clientele. On the other hand, a rave can create problems for a smaller place. When the *Times* bestowed two stars on Lusardi's last month, 300 callers had tried to make reservations by midday at the nine-month-old Upper East Side Italian café. Sometimes a modest bistro geared to serve, say, 80 dinners will try to handle two or three times the volume, usually with disastrous results.

ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY OLI MYERS

To prepare the unwitting, Sheraton notifies a restaurant well before a favorable review is scheduled to appear. Says she serenely: "I've heard you can get a bank loan with a two- or three-star review—from *me* in the New York *Times*."

Her professional credentials are in good order: she grew up in a food-loving Jewish family in Brooklyn and learned about cooking from her mother. For several years starting in 1957, she was a consultant to Manhattan's Restaurant Associates, and she has written a cookbook on German food. Most of all, she says, "you've got to love to eat. You've got to have a big problem trying to keep from eating." Another requirement, in her view, is "a great taste memory. You have to remember what something tasted like back in Hong Kong or Moscow 20 years ago." The third and most important factor, she feels, is that she is a New Yorker writing for a New York audience: "My taste matches the taste of most of my readers."

New Yorkers are lucky. In a 1980 study of restaurant reviewers across the nation, the Los Angeles *Times* concluded: "Most critics are ill-informed and ill-prepared to do the job." Many have no qualms about accepting free meals; some even guarantee free plugs. In the entire nation, there are fewer than a dozen restaurant arbiters who rate stars for integrity and expertise.

Sheraton's main competitor is *New York* magazine's Gael Greene, who tends to focus on trendy places and to describe them in a rich, sensual prose. Greene does manage to communicate the joy of a first-rate meal. Her spicy view of Sheraton: "I would trust her totally on cottage cheese." Some readers fault Sheraton for a chilly approach that may praise a restaurant's food but does not always convince the reader that it would be fun to eat there.

The 5-ft. 5-in. critic is concerned about calories. (In 1980, she took a five-month leave to shed 37 lbs. and is now down to around 162 lbs.) She is plainly stung by some of her detractors, particularly those who maintain that she is too hard on the young, so-called innovative chefs. She explains: "I think innovation is wonderful if you do it well, but I am not willing to applaud a bad dish because it was a brave effort." Despite her frequently moralistic tone, Sheraton allows, "It's a pretty silly way to spend your life. I have no illusions about making a contribution to society." There may even be signs that Mimi is mellowing. She is now working on a book with Comedian Alan King to be titled *Is Salami and Egg Better Than Sex? Memoirs of a Happy Eater*. That depends, she would doubtless answer, on the salami. —*By Michael Demarest. Reported by Elizabeth Rudolph/New York*

Sequel Mania: XXX Going on L

Japan's Tora-San films stretch on and on and on

Hollywood in 1983 will be banking heavily on sequels, everything from *The Sting II* and *Porky's II: The Next Day* to *Superman III* and *The Revenge of the Jedi*. But it will take a long time to catch up to the Japanese. While crowds are still lining up to see the newest sequel in the Tora-San film series, No. XXX to be exact, they can already start thinking about XXXI and XXXII, both of which will be out before the end of the year.

As was the case with I through XXIX, No. XXX has the same basic cast and follows the same basic plot: the half-sad, half-funny adventures of a middle-aged ne'er-do-well through a bustling modern-day Japan. The collective title of the series is *A Man's Life Is Tough*, but *Get Out Your Handkerchiefs* might be more apt.

Tora-San is a peddler who hawks his wares at local fairs around the country. He spends the rest of his time with relatives who run a sweet shop in Tokyo's working-class Shibamata district and do little else but eat noodles, prepare to eat noodles or sit around the noodle table. He almost always wears the same outfit, a double-breasted check suit flapping open without a tie, and a green hat. He is a boor, and he treats his long-suffering family like servants. But the Japanese, who know all about pearl fishing, believe that beneath that crusty shell is a treasure of kindness and concern.

In each of the films, Tora-San (Kiyoshi Atsumi) falls in love with a handsome woman. At the end it doesn't work out for one reason or another. He always looks as if his heart will break, and audiences all over Japan cry on cue. Since the first movie was introduced in 1969, an estimated 40 million people have been drawn to that familiar story, and 4 million more are expected to see the latest, which opened in theaters just before New Year's. Atsumi, 54, has become the best-known actor in the country, and no movie actress is considered a true success until she has played a Tora-San heroine.

By Hollywood standards, the latest Tora-San budget, $1.6 million, would fall under the heading "Etc." Yet the one now playing, in which Tora-San plays a Nipponese Cyrano de Bergerac, is almost certain to gross $8 million.

Actor Atsumi and his film family, sitting at the noodle table in the latest picture

"The higher the degree of discipline in a society, the more escapist its members will be."

If the plot sounds as if it was borrowed from television, the reason is simple: it was. Tora-San began in 1968 as a TV series, but failed to impress network executives. When Tora-San dropped dead after being bitten by a snake, infuriated fans clogged switchboards in protest. The chief fan was Director Yoji Yamada, 51, who persuaded a reluctant film company to let him make just one Tora-San film for general release.

That snake venom should be patented. The picture proved such an instantaneous hit that Yamada was ordered to turn out three more in four months. Since then the pace has slowed, and dedicated Tora-trekkies know that their hero will visit once in August and again just before the new year. Despite the speed at which they are made, the movies are surprisingly polished. After so much time on the assembly lines, the actors are pros, and Yamada keeps the action moving smartly.

The phenomenon has not gone unnoticed by those who make a living explaining such things. To some Japanese sociologists, Tora-San is a Walter Mitty in reverse. Instead of representing the daydream of success, as Mitty did for Americans, Tora-San is a symbol of freedom in an overly disciplined society. "The higher the degree of discipline in a society, the more escapist its members are likely to be," says Kazuo Shimada, a Tokyo psychologist. Yamada also sees Tora-San as a figure of compassion in a country short of both. "We're always in such a hurry that we end up disregarding those people suffering by the roadside," says Yamada. "Tora-San would never fail to stop and see how he could help them."

How many more Tora-Sans will there be? Probably fewer than 20, says Yamada, who explains that eventually the cast will become too old to maintain the pictures' vitality. Replacements would be unthinkable—Atsumi's bland, square face is almost as well known as the Emperor's—and Tora-San presumably will die not from public neglect but old age. ■

Leap Year

Long lines at the movies

In most industries, 1982 was either bad, disastrous or forget-it. But for once Hollywood was not playing follow-the-leader, and the movie business had its biggest earnings ever. Ticket sales reached a 21-year high of nearly 1.2 billion, up 9% from 1981, and a preliminary estimate puts box-office grosses at a record $3.4 billion. The final two weeks of the year witnessed an explosion in receipts, with *Tootsie* the hottest current picture, bringing in $11.2 million over the New Year's weekend.

The top grosser for the entire year was, of course, *E.T.*, which ran up $322 million through Jan. 2 and by now may have displaced *Star Wars* ($325 million) as the biggest moneymaker of all time. Several light-years behind were the rest of the year's top ten: *On Golden Pond* ($120 million), *Rocky III* ($119 million), *An Officer and a Gentleman* ($109 million), *Porky's* ($107 million), *Star Trek II* ($85 million), *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas* ($74.5 million), *Poltergeist* ($74 million), *Chariots of Fire* ($62 million) and *Annie* ($58 million).

Hollywood executives are now scurrying around, looking for clues so they can make 1983 into a *Bonanza II*. But the truth is that there probably are no explanations. It was just one of those years. "It's simple," says Barry Diller, chairman of Paramount Pictures. "Are there movies people are interested in seeing or aren't there? The business is not affected by recession, depression or inflation. It is just affected by movies. In 1982 there were more movies people wanted to see than in other years." ■

Books

Thomas Palmer: sinking a character in a landscape of almost unrelieved corruption

Murder on the Cocaine Express

THE TRANSFER *by Thomas Palmer; Ticknor & Fields; 402 pages; $14.95*

Thrillers may borrow some tricks from detective stories and some atmosphere from spy fiction, but they are essentially different from both. Such works can trace their lineage directly back through the medieval romances to the classical epic and its archetypal plot: a hero risks his life trying to master overwhelming odds. Modern incarnations of this nonpareil (out of, say, Raymond Chandler, Graham Greene or Robert Stone) have become increasingly antiheroic, their designs questionable and their morality ambiguous. But the trials they must endure, the plot of their quests, remain much the same, as formal and stylized as kabuki or an Elizabethan sonnet.

The Transfer shows that Thomas Palmer, in his first novel, knows all the right moves. He offers a hero with a preposterous scheme and, for the reader's benefit, a sidekick who must be told what is going on every step of the way. An innocent bystander, female, is caught up in the machinations. And the opposition forces are evil and apparently unbeatable.

Ray Hula, fat and fiftyish, owns a small marine salvage firm in Miami. Out of nowhere, he gets a phone call from his younger half brother, Michael Cruz. They have heretofore shared only a mother and mutual indifference (Hula's father was Polish, Cruz's a Portuguese seaman). Now Cruz, a New York mobster, needs Hula's help, offers him half a million dollars and threatens to destroy his business if he refuses. Hula does not. Cruz has somehow got hold of a ton of cocaine in Colombia and transported it to the Bahamas. A boat carrying this cache will approach Miami and run aground on a reef. Hula will be called by the port authorities, who trust him, to salvage the wreck and tow it in. The coke will be removed. Then Cruz will peddle it to the very gangsters from whom he stole it in the first place.

Once the cocaine is transferred to a van, Hula relaxes and tells Cruz: "So it's done. I'm glad it's over." Of course it is not done, either for Hula, Cruz, Wally Liberty (the pilot of the boat) or Hula's girlfriend Lisa Bishop. It is bad enough that Arthur Rawden, a canny investigator for the Drug Enforcement Agency, has picked up their scent. It is worse that a mysterious bald man continues to stalk Cruz, threatening to kill him and his associates. Worst of all, some of the ablest hired guns on the East Coast have converged on Miami, with orders to pay Cruz $10 million for the dope and then kill him, preferably over a long, long period of time.

It is impossible to watch this plot unfold without rooting for the underdog and then remembering that Cruz is as bad as his pursuers, a wildcat crook with delusions of grandeur. Palmer does not blink at Cruz's venomous ethics, but he sinks this character in a landscape of almost unrelieved corruption. He portrays a Miami and environs where the heat is always on: "The sun was a bludgeon hanging over the landscape, poised to smash whatever might attempt to set itself above the level, and nothing larger than a dragonfly dared to venture into its sight; not from lassitude but out of a strict fear."

Not only is the climate inimical, but the drug traffic has blasted apart the social order, enriching undesirables and demoralizing the forces of civic order. Rawden knows that he and his agents can achieve only hollow victories on the side of law and order: "There's so much stuff coming in that we could arrest just the grandmothers and do just as well." Even Cruz complains about what has happened to the neighborhood: "People used to come down here just to spend their money, but now they're not happy unless they go back with more. They see all this money and they think all they have to do is reach out and take it." With her world coming apart, Lisa protests to herself: "The things that were important in life had nothing to do with illegal drugs and large canvas sacks of cash." In this novel, hers is a minority report.

Author Palmer, 27, occasionally reveals his lack of experience. He does not always establish the point from which the action is to be viewed. It is unlikely, for example, that a passenger in a helicopter could perceive that a fence, far below, was strung at the top with concertina wire. Palmer also has a habit of interrupting characters' reveries and providing information that they do not know, a tic that needlessly diverts attention from the puppets to the puppeteer. But he successfully keeps a large cast of vivid actors breathlessly on the move. Better still, he offers an entertainment that is also a journey through the underworld and a harrowing of hell.

—By Paul Gray

Excerpt

"Hula pointed at the gun on the desk. 'What about that?'

'That's for you.' His brother picked it up and tossed it in Hula's lap. 'Have you ever used one?'

Hula turned it over in his hand. It was heavy and cold, and the barrel was slick with moisture. 'No—well, once or twice. A long time ago.'

'It's very simple. Just point it and shoot. It's an automatic. The safety's in back there—leave it on.'

Hula eased the gun back onto the desk. 'Keep it. I don't want it.'

'No?'

'I'm too old for this stuff. Anything could happen.' . . .

Cruz smiled. 'Let me tell you what we're up against.'"

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In Extremis

THE LOSER *by George Konrád*
Translated by Ivan Sanders; Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; 315 pages; $14.95

George Konrád's novels, each in its own harrowing way, have been maps of contemporary man's journeys to the end of the night. The Hungarian writer's first book, *The Case Worker* (1974), charted the descent of a compassionate social worker into the degradation and suffering of Communism's underclass. His second, more ideological novel, *The City Builder* (1978), explored the pathways to the utopias that have led to police terror and violence. By then it was clear that Hungary's national tragedy had cast

George Konrád
A fresh insight into cruel stratagems.

up a major writer, in a class with West Germany's Heinrich Böll and the Polish exile Czeslaw Milosz.

In his latest novel, *The Loser*, Konrád takes the ultimate journey of the modern European, piling up horror upon horror on the way: the Holocaust, the Gulag, the carnage of World War II, the postwar purges in Eastern Europe, the failed 1956 Hungarian uprising. The literature documenting the inhumanity of the age is vast. Yet Konrád's masterly new novel offers fresh insight into the cruel stratagems of totalitarian rule.

Astonishingly, Konrád, 49, still lives and writes in Communist Hungary, where his novel passes from hand to hand in a process known by the Russian term *samizdat:* self-publishing. He has even been granted permission for a two-year stay in the West. Though Hungary has proved to be more forbearing of dissent than other countries in the Soviet bloc, Konrád is surprised by the degree of tolerance he has encountered at home.

"It is an amazing development," Konrád said on a visit to New York City. "When I returned home in 1979, after a stay abroad, I expected conditions to be the same as they were when I was arrested in 1975, for supposedly having circulated a sociological study I had co-authored. Instead, I found a community of young intellectuals who had established a kind of network of free thought. Thousands of copies of serious magazines are circulating unofficially in mimeographed form. Several hundred copies of my novel have already appeared in *samizdat.*"

Konrád's sweetness of manner and luminous smile belie the visions of violence that invaded his childhood and have informed his fiction. The son of a Jewish shopkeeper, he was eleven years old when his parents were arrested under the Nazi occupation. The boy fled to Budapest and hid with other Jews in a house that was under the protection of a foreign embassy. The young fugitive scrounged for dry beans and moldy sausage. Searching for a relative in a ghetto hospital, he came upon a mountain of bodies that had been machine-gunned by Hungarian Nazis.

The protagonist of *The Loser*, a Jewish intellectual called T., has similar memories: "I look down in the [hospital] yard; a pile of scantily dressed dead bodies with clambering hands and feet reaches up to the first floor." In 1941, T. is arrested as a Communist revolutionary. Torture follows—the first of many scenes of a systematic cruelty that cuts through Konrád's novel like an endlessly resonating scream. T. is then sent to the Ukrainian front in a forced-labor unit attached to the German army. The atrocities pile up. Konrád has a special genius for evoking mass murder, whether he is recounting the unspeakable horror of burying fallen soldiers in a vast grave or describing the stacks of bodies of Hungarian villagers who have been hanged or shot by the retreating Nazis. The density of specific detail Konrád provides is overpowering in its effect.

Escaping from the Nazis, T. becomes a Soviet partisan and dons a Red Army uniform. Gun in hand, he turns from the role of victim to that of executioner. As a Hungarian Communist, he joins in the postwar Soviet military occupation of his country, but is sickened by the task. "With dry eyes I wept . . . for a people that had fallen into our hands and now could not extricate its soft body from our clutches. We raped our people; the place would soon be teeming with our bastards—the born liars." Events and doctrines soon turn against him, and he loses his faith in Communism. After two terms of imprisonment and torture at the hands of his former comrades, T. asks himself: "If you leave the culture in which you are immersed up to your ears, where the hell do you go? The insane asylum."

The asylum is Konrád's metaphor for a post-Stalin totalitarian society, after terror has subsided and all the bodies have been neatly buried. "When I first conceived of this novel, I knew it would end in the madhouse," he recalls. "So I arranged to work in one for four months." The actual asylum is a psychiatric halfway house situated in a beautiful château, once the property of a Hungarian count. "The door is not quite open, of course," Konrád says. "There is a guard at the gate who asks for your permit to leave. The patients get a lot of sedatives and tranquilizers—not chemical but ideological. They are unaccustomed, after all, to directing their own lives. We are not very healthy in Hungary. Still, there is a hole in the fence and the doctors tolerate it." That hole is large enough for ideas to break out, but it is too small for the whole human being. As *The Loser* suggests, the doctors, like the patients, like T. himself, are all inescapably the captives of their lunatic history. —**By Patricia Blake**

Editors' Choice

FICTION: Bech Is Back, *John Updike*
The Best American Short Stories 1982, *edited by John Gardner*
George Mills, *Stanley Elkin*
The Names, *Don DeLillo* • On the Black Hill, *Bruce Chatwin*
Shiloh and Other Stories, *Bobbie Ann Mason*

NONFICTION: Blood River, *Barbara Villet* • Growing Up, *Russell Baker*
Isak Dinesen, *Judith Thurman*
Last Stands, *Hilary Masters* • The Nuclear Delusion, *George F. Kennan*
The Path to Power, *Robert A. Caro*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Space, *Michener (1 last week)*
2. 2010: Odyssey Two, *Clarke (2)*
3. Master of the Game, *Sheldon (4)*
4. Foundation's Edge, *Asimov (6)*
5. Different Seasons, *King (5)*
6. Mistral's Daughter, *Krantz (8)*
7. The Valley of Horses, *Auel (7)*
8. E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial Storybook, *Kotzwinkle (3)*
9. Life, the Universe and Everything, *Adams (10)*
10. The Fall of Freddie the Leaf, *Buscaglia (9)*

NONFICTION

1. And More by Andy Rooney, *Rooney (1)*
2. Living, Loving and Learning, *Buscaglia (2)*
3. Jane Fonda's Workout Book, *Fonda (3)*
4. Megatrends, *Naisbitt (5)*
5. The Path to Power, *Caro (8)*
6. Keeping Faith, *Carter (6)*
7. When Bad Things Happen to Good People, *Kushner (7)*
8. Life Extension, *Pearson and Shaw (10)*
9. A Light in the Attic, *Silverstein (4)*
10. In Search of Excellence, *Peters and Waterman*

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The Redcoats Keep Coming

Three plays in three tenses: past, present and future

Having made visible inroads on Broadway, British exports are now annexing off-Broadway and the U.S. regional theater. In the past three weeks, *Top Girls* and *Skirmishes* opened off-Broadway and *Quartermaine's Terms* at New Haven's Long Wharf Theater. Interestingly enough, counting Nell Dunn's *Steaming*, already running at Broadway's Brooks Atkinson Theater, three out of four new British entries are by women, possibly because Britain's feminist consciousness is just now peaking. *Top Girls* displays some postfeminist *tristesse;* only *Steaming* seems earnest in its feminist polemics, ironically garnished with pre–fig leaf nudity

The opening scene of *Top Girls*, by Caryl Churchill (author of the long-running off-Broadway hit *Cloud Nine*), is the strangest of dinner parties; the hostess is alive, but all the guests are dead. Marlene (Gwen Taylor) is a smart, hard-nosed career woman who is celebrating her promotion to managing director of the Top Girls Employment Agency at a London restaurant called La Prima Donna. She has invited a few prima donnas, or "top girls," of past centuries to celebrate with her

There is Pope Joan (Selina Cadell), who is said to have ascended the throne of St. Peter around A.D. 855 and who was later stoned to death. Also joining the party are Isabella Bird (Deborah Findlay), an intrepid 19th century Scottish traveler; Lady Nijo (Lindsay Duncan), a 13th century Japanese courtesan who became a Buddhist nun; Dull Gret (Carole Hayman), who led an avenging legion of women into the precincts of hell in Brueghel's painting *Dulle Griet;* and finally, Patient Griselda (Lesley Manville), made famous in Boccaccio and Chaucer as the model of a loyal, submissive wife.

The women chat furiously and funnily about their experiences. Yet the underlying tone is oddly melancholy. Men have debased and abused them, and torn their children from them.

The rest of the play, in which the women of history double in contemporary roles, shows us the price Marlene has paid for her rise. Fleeing her home and family at 17, she left her illegitimate child Angie (Hayman) with her sister Joyce (Findlay) to be raised as Joyce's own. Angie is a touching clod of a girl, dim-witted, lazy and fearful.

The girl's plight triggers a screechy, preachy political cat fight between Marlene and Joyce. Marlene is a staunch advocate of Margaret Thatcher, whom her sister derides as "Hitlerina." The question raised is provocative: Is the future to be divided between a smart, scrambling upper class of no-holds-barred individualists and a permanent underclass of poor souls who are unfit for the survival of the fittest?

This production initiates an admirable transatlantic lend-lease plan between Joseph Papp's Public Theater and Britain's Royal Court Theater. As might be expected, the entire cast is best-of-breed.

More overtly than *Top Girls*, Catherine Hayes' *Skirmishes* deals with family conflicts. Among human institutions, the family is the closest relative that the drama has. It is theater in miniform, compacted of love, hate, sibling rivalry, alienation and reconciliation. In capsule form, that describes this play. Playwright Hayes puts two sisters in a room with their dying mother and the pair harrow up the past and the present with bitter intensity and acridly funny put-down humor

Gwen Taylor in *Top Girls*

Remak Ramsay in *Quartermaine's Terms*

Suzanne Bertish in *Skirmishes*

No stiff upper lips need apply.

Jean (Suzanne Bertish) and Rita (Fran Brill) seem not to have come from the same womb. Jean is frumpy, asocial, infertile and separated from her husband Rita is chic, impregnable as a rabbit, and antiseptically fastidious, except when it comes to stealing another woman's husband. Jean has tended the senile, incontinent mother for desolatingly lonely months; Rita has used the Ma Bell commercial method of reaching and touching by phone. Waves of passion rise between the two sisters like water spuming against a coastal reef, then subside in daughterly grief before the great silence: death. Suzanne Bertish's Jean is subcutaneously sensitive, and we feel the sand beneath her skin, the abrasion and desperation of living a life ill lost for either love or duty

Quartermaine's Terms calls for a more self-effacing style of acting, though the results are scarcely less virtuosic. Unlike Simon Gray's two major U.S. successes, *Butley* and *Otherwise Engaged*, this semicomic, semipoignant drama, set in a bleary backwater of academe, does not focus on a caustic wit who tosses poisoned darts at the world around him. *Quartermaine's Terms* is Gray's gentlest and most compassionate play. No stiff upper lips need apply. The drama's hero, or nonhero, might be called "Mr. Cellophane," after a song in the musical *Chicago*. People see right through him. They scarcely remember his name, though "St. John [pronounced Sinjon] Quartermaine" (Remak Ramsay) seems fairly emphatic. He dozes off in mid-conversation and totally forgets one of his own classes.

He is part of fate's minus pool of mediocrities but a quite decent human being. Ditto the rest of the staff (exemplary actors all) at the Cull-Loomis School of English for Foreigners. Call it cul-de-sac for short. "Teaching foreigners is a job for failures," says one. Still, in a period of four years, life does seep into the arid crevices of their existence. There are births, marriages, deaths, philanderings and conversions.

As far as Quartermaine is concerned, these are like whispers in the anteroom of his mind. The thunderclap comes when he gets the sack after two decades at the school. "O Lord," he says like a last gasp of wind escaping from a toy balloon. He cannot comprehend it, and such is Ramsay's control of the nuances of his part that the playgoer is as stricken as he is.

—*By T.E. Kalem*

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Essay

The Public Life of Secrecy

"We are all, in a sense, experts on secrecy. From earliest childhood we feel its mystery and attraction. We know both the power it confers and the burden it imposes. We learn how it can delight, give breathing space, and protect. But we come to understand its dangers too: how it is used to oppress and exclude; what can befall those who come too close to secrets they were not meant to share; and the price of betrayal."

Just so, and aptly enough, opens the book *Secrets: On the Ethics of Concealment and Revelation*, a new study by Harvard Lecturer Sissela Bok, an authority on ethics and author of the 1979 book *Lying*. Scheduled to be published in February, the book is scholarly, cool, painstaking and analytical. Even if it is not likely to crowd out works of romance, sex, adventure and physical fitness, its subject could hardly be more fitting, at a time when the human urge for secrecy sometimes seems on the verge of getting out of hand.

Not that Sissela Bok wants to rid the world of secrecy. Far from it. She argues that the practice itself is neutral, only good or bad according to the purposes it serves. Says she: "While all deception requires secrecy, all secrecy is not meant to deceive." It is benign, for instance, when it helps human intimacy or the casting of ballots in democracies.

Such hospitality toward secrecy is doubtless widely shared. To consider it evil in and of itself would be a considerable inconvenience to the human species. Everybody, after all, has things to hide; the mind, psychology teaches, even conceals information from itself. It is probably the very naturalness of concealment that tempts people to carry it to excess. There is, in any case, no end of secrecy.

No beginning is visible either. It is hidden in the remotest past. The tactic of camouflage that is instinctual among animals has been ornately elaborated in the human race. But no animal could mimic all the varities of mankind's surreptitiousness. Hidden or encoded information is the very mainspring of drama, suspense, excitement and adventure. The screening of information has always been indispensable to both war and peace, to murder and romance, to spying and spirituality. Extreme privacy plays a prominent role in the most ancient myths. Irascible Zeus, who intended to withhold the knowledge of fire from humans, was outraged when he learned that Prometheus had gone public with it. Zeus was so put off that he assembled a plethora of troubles and sent them down to mortals in the custody of Pandora. Everybody knows the calamity that resulted from the insistence on disclosure of Pandora's cargo.

Secrecy hardly fascinates mankind any more today than in the past, but it is certainly practiced more methodically.

The most thoroughgoing control of information is to be found in totalitarian societies such as the Soviet Union and China, where even weather reports can be highly classified by the government. But there is scarcely any shortage of dodging and hiding in the rest of the world. In the U.S., the concealment of information is carried out so routinely in so many pockets of society that the practice is accepted as part of the perennial social weather, hardly worth special attention. Americans indifferently shrug off the extreme privacy practiced by commerce, industry and finance; by professions like the clergy, law and medicine; by societies like the Ku Klux Klan and the Shriners. But they tend to sit up and take notice when secrecy of some sort erupts into drama and controversy: say, when a Congressman goes to jail because of the FBI's Abscam investigation, or when a group of well-dressed Japanese businessmen get arrested and charged with stealing computer lore from IBM. Such episodes remind the public of how the clandestine pervades society. Day in and out, most people accept professional prudence—say, that of the fashion or auto industries—as just part of the passing lifescape. People enjoying Coca-Cola, Kentucky Fried Chicken or Thomas' English Muffins give little mind to the fact that such products rely on legendary secret recipes that have been hoarded, perhaps, more closely than the H-bomb formula (which a number of amateurs have long since put together entirely from public sources).

Americans for the most part bridle at the concealment of information only when they catch government practicing too much of it. This response is easy to understand. Americans, after all, are early and often drilled in the creed that hidden government is anathema to democracy, and never mind that the U.S. Constitution was drafted in closed session. "Concealment is a species of misinformation," said George Washington, and U.S. political leaders ever since have publicly followed his cue. What they do out of the public gaze, however, is often quite different. That is hinted at by the fact that the classified federal documents in the National Archives run into hundreds of millions of pages. More than hints are available in histories of such disasters as the U.S. involvement in the Bay of Pigs invasion (after which President John F. Kennedy complained to one editor that if the press had only exposed the invasion in advance, "you would have saved us from a colossal mistake"). Democratic government's capacity for byzantine deviousness is probably best told by that epochal best-teller, the Pentagon papers—that "hemorrhage" of classified matter, as Henry Kissinger ruefully called it—which dramatized, in 47 volumes, just how far a government could go in clandestine and illicit duplicity.

The U.S. public tends to be generously tolerant of the withholding of material when it concerns military affairs. Such tolerance gives Pentagon bosses a lease to play games that are not always strictly tied to military security. In one glaring example, the Pentagon went into a culprit-hunting mode a few months ago when somebody made public certain classified information: a budget figure, as it turned out, and a blue-sky one at that, interesting (and embarrassing) not because it endangered the nation's security but because it suggested that coming deficits would be much bigger than the Administration had yet admitted. More usual in the military's perennial game of hide-and-leak is the sudden declassification of scary intelligence about the Soviet Union at just those moments when the Pentagon is leaning on Congress for fatter appropriations. Nobody questions the need for military secrecy, but even military leaders realize that the hiding of information can be carried too far: post-mortems on the failed mission to rescue the American hostages in Iran showed the rescue team to have been handicapped because of security so tight that one team element did not always know what the other was doing.

The practice of concealment can become excessive in any walk of life, but it is especially susceptible to being overdone when it is used purely to serve power, as in government. Officials, administrators, bureaucrats and legislators can come to

Illustration for TIME by Mel Furukawa

Essay

enjoy the capacity to hide not only legitimate sensitive material but incompetence, wrong judgments and ethical transgressions. It is no wonder that in democracies as well as in tyrannies, government tends to expand its capacity to hoard information. The U.S., to be sure, took steps to check and curtail this federal capacity in the wake of the excesses surrounding the Viet Nam War, the Watergate scandals and some mischief credited to the CIA and FBI in recent decades. The Government has nonetheless already accumulated a good deal of momentum toward a yet greater capacity for keeping the public in the dark: in an executive order last spring, the Reagan Administration made the hiding of records easier for civil and military bureaus while, at the same time, undermining the 1966 Freedom of Information Act that was designed to give citizens better access not to secret but to "ordinary" Government information. Viewing particularly the Administration's move to restrict the flow of scientific information, Congressman George Brown Jr. of the House Science and Technology Committee says that the effect could be "to shoot ourselves in the foot."

One may be tempted to shrug off Government ways, consoling oneself with the cynical belief that even the most guarded information eventually leaks out. The trouble is that leakage is neither dependable nor always timely. "Three may keep a secret if two of them are dead," Benjamin Franklin said, and there may be truth to that. But such folklore is no substitute for a sensible public policy. The public *vs.* Government skirmish over how much classification there should be will probably go on forever and, in any democracy, should.

Secrecy is destined to persist as part of mankind's world in all of its political forms. Even though most often associated with deceit, acts of concealment can be both benign and indispensable to the protection of personal and public values. Secrecy may not be privacy by definition, but it is certainly essential to it. In totalitarian states, where Big Brother's eye is everywhere, privacy can be had only by the most meticulous practice of evasion and concealment. But throughout human history, people have relied on silence to safeguard the sacred as well as the intimate and personal.

Ultimately, the very nature of things is densely veiled. If religion arose to celebrate ineffable mysteries, science sprang into life to solve them. So it is science that has shown the universe to be an almost onion-like construct of secrets, with ever more of them lying under the layers peeled away. Atomic theory explained everything—until it was found that every atom contained entire worlds of other inscrutable particles that even changed their nature upon being observed. Today the quark is hotly pursued. When caught and analyzed, will it turn out to be the ultimate answer to the ultimate secrets of matter? Not unless the dossier tells when the quark happened to come into being and out of what materials and by what power.

To imagine any general reduction in human secrecy is intriguing but oddly difficult. It is not possible to envision a world from which *all* secrecy has gone. Some people have tried. Philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre felt that "transparency" should eventually prevail in human affairs and claimed to be able to imagine a time when people would "keep secrets from no one." Still, anybody contemplating humanity as it is must wonder whether, in a thoroughly transparent world, the species would not suffer spiritual anemia and perhaps terminal boredom. It may be diverting to speculate about the future of secrecy, but it can only be frustrating in the end. The future is the biggest secret of all.

—By Frank Trippett

Milestones

BORN. To **Susan Saint James,** 36, actress, best known as giddy Sally McMillan on TV's *McMillan and Wife,* and her husband **Dick Ebersol,** 35, executive producer of *Saturday Night Live:* their first child, a son; in Torrington, Conn. Name: Charles Duncan. Weight: 9 lbs. 2 oz.

BORN. To **Chevy Chase,** 38, preppie, pratfalling TV and film comedian *(Modern Problems),* and his wife **Jayni Chase,** 25, a film production associate: their first child, a daughter; in Los Angeles. Name: Cydney Cathalene. Weight: 7 lbs. 7 oz.

MARRIED. Steve Van Zandt, 32, rock guitarist for the E Street Band, and Dancer **Maureen Santoro,** 32; both for the first time; in New York City. The minister was rock-'n'-roll legend Little Richard (Evangelist Richard Penniman), the best man Van Zandt's sometime boss Bruce Springsteen.

DIED. Benjamin Rosenthal, 59, liberal congressional gadfly, sworn in for his eleventh full term as a Democratic Representative from New York City only a day before his death; of cancer; in Washington, D.C. Rosenthal made his mark in Congress as a consumer advocate, launching investigations into businesses that he suspected of preying on the powerless and poor. Equally outspoken on foreign affairs, he alienated the Johnson Administration with his early and persistent opposition to the war in Viet Nam, and last March introduced a resolution to end U.S. involvement in El Salvador.

DIED. George Bond, 67, chief scientific investigator and senior medical officer for the Navy's Sealab missions, which tested human capacity to live and work undersea; of heart disease; in Charlotte, N.C. Bond developed a process of saturating body tissues with a mix of helium and oxygen to withstand pressure. In the first two Sealab missions (1964-65), aquanauts spent nine days or more in a 57-ft.-long steel cylinder some 200 ft. below the ocean's surface. Observing from above, "Papa Topside" found that the men could function but became susceptible to the "breakaway phenomenon," suffering capricious fits of insubordination. The program ended after a fatality during a 1969 mission.

DIED. Tom McCall, 69, environment-minded Governor of Oregon from 1967 to 1975; of cancer; in Portland. A progressive Republican whose grandfather was a two-term Governor of Massachusetts, McCall pushed through tough laws regulating land use and pollution. Both patrician and folksy, the former journalist could be blunt: in 1971, he shooed prospective residents away from the state with the exhortation: "Visit—but for heaven's sake, don't stay."

DIED. Harriet Parsons, 76, petite hard-headed producer who made six movies for RKO between 1945 and 1955, including *Clash by Night* and *I Remember Mama;* of cancer; in Santa Monica, Calif. The daughter of powerful Gossip Columnist Louella Parsons, Harriet went from writing for fan magazines and filming shorts to producing Hollywood films, one of a handful of women to do so. Her job often required, she said, "the combined qualities of Solomon and Simon Legree."

DIED. Mildred Dilling, 88, virtuoso and zestful champion of the harp, who helped to popularize solo recitals on the instrument; in New York City. Casting herself as a wandering troubadour, Dilling toured constantly, playing seven times at the White House and once giving 17 concerts in London during a three-week period. She carefully cultivated calluses on her fingers and at times kept 65 harps in her Manhattan apartment. Dilling seasoned her recitals with spirited lectures on the harp's history and anecdotes like the one about the stranger who pointed to a harp, said, "Lady, learn me that," and became her most unorthodox and famous student. His name: Harpo Marx.

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